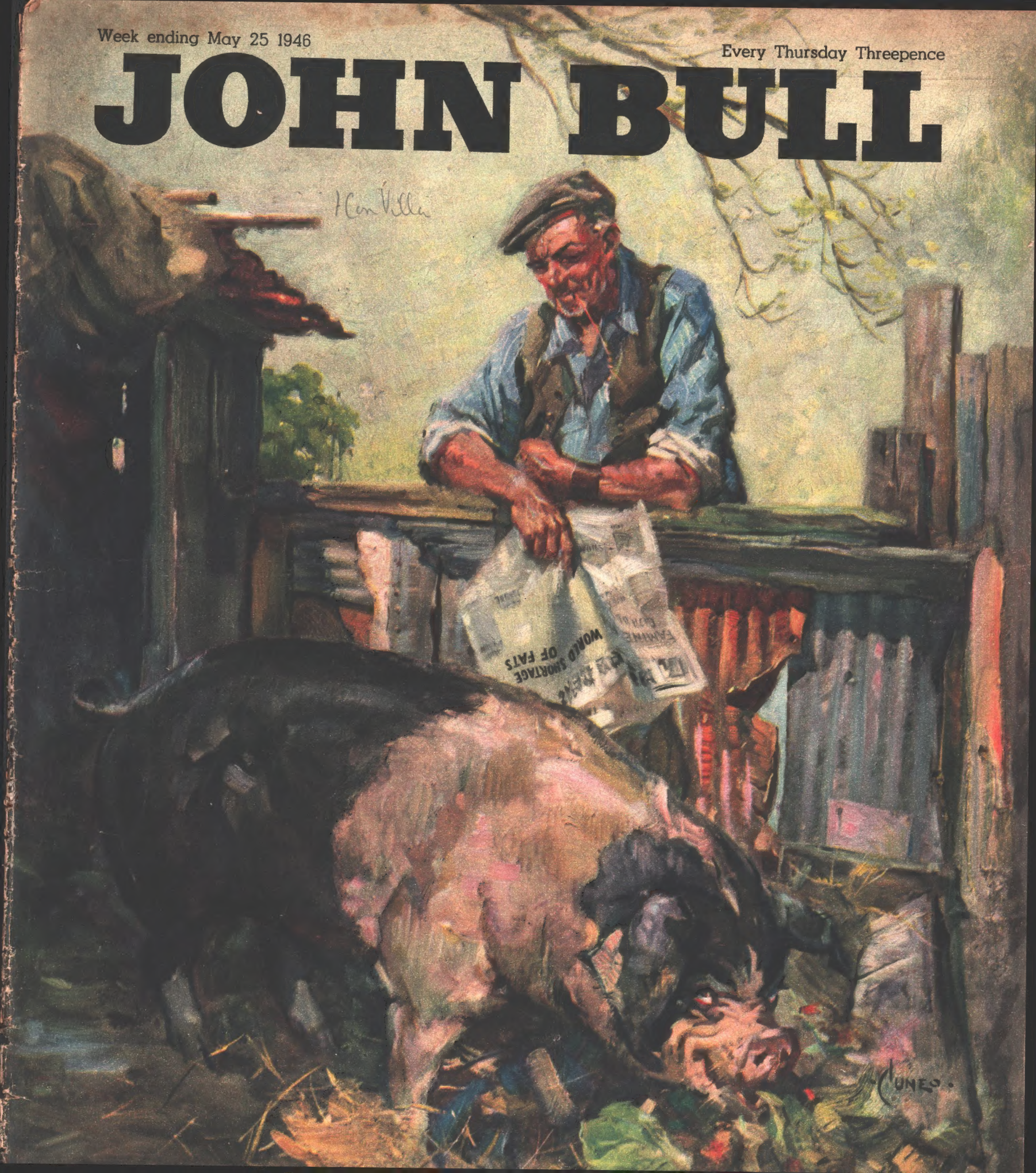
Week ending May 25 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



IF YOU SUFFER FROM COLDS

. . . here is a suggestion

Take two Serocalcin tablets daily, for thirty consecutive days. If your general level of health is reasonably good you can then look forward to three to four months *immunity* from colds.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin must necessarily be an experiment; but it is an experiment that is usually successful because most people "respond" to Serocalcin, which is thought to act by stimulating the *natural* resistive capacity of the body against invading organisms that cause colds. Your Doctor or Chemist will tell you more about—

SEROCALCIN

for the prevention and treatment of the common cold

★

All who suffer from the common cold are invited to send for booklet "Immunity from Colds." Serocalcin is made by Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford. A 60-tablet pack of Serocalcin, for the immunization course, costs 8/5½. A 20-tablet pack, to treat existing colds, costs 3/4½. Both prices include Tax.

Thanks— and something more

We've all got a lot to thank this man for. Don't you feel you'd like to back up your thanks with a bit of really practical help? Every penny you can send to the Army Benevolent Fund will be allocated to the various service associations which directly help men and women who are up against very real difficulties as a result of war service, yet are outside the scope of Government relief. Isn't that a sound, practical way of expressing thanks? Send off a donation right away.

Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or Northern Ireland

THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON: H.M. THE KING

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

COCAINE, morphine, digitalis, strychnine and many other potent poisons . . . all death-dealing drugs yet, in proper dosage, invaluable for the relief of suffering, are locked away in the pharmacy's Poison Cupboard. Only a registered chemist is entitled to keep the key. His is the responsibility of safeguarding society in this and other ways from the abuse of these drugs—a responsibility that his record of public service well justifies. All of us rely on the chemist, and his advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

THE A.B.C. OF SAVING—No. 8

DEFERRED SPENDING

2 Let's ask the Squander Bug. "All nonsense!" says he. "Don't save. Spend *now*. What does it matter if goods are scarce and prices high?"

3 "Don't get the spending itch!" says your Wiser Self. "Hang on for the things you really want. Wait until there's a wider choice and bigger supplies in the shops. Saving will get them, spending won't."

HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

4 Our choice is easy. Let's go on saving. We'll spend to better advantage when times are better; in the meantime—'invest in Prosperity' is the motto!

SAVE FOR PROSPERITY

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES, DEFENCE BONDS, POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

★

Issued by the National Savings Committee

IZAL

TOILET ROLLS

are safe because every sheet is medicated with Izal Germicide which safeguards your health from hidden danger.

The price, including Purchase Tax is now reduced to 1/2d.

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD., THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

For HEADACHE

Cephos

Prescribed for over 30 years by THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

is so safe, so quick.

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose 2d. incl. Pur. Tax.

CEPHOS DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Proved and approved

- It is recognised and accepted that vegetable oil is unequalled for preventing and eliminating dryness of the scalp.
- Nufix base is made with vegetable oil.
- For a well-groomed appearance and to maintain the hair and scalp in a healthy condition Nufix is unsurpassed.

NUFIX

Dressing for the Hair

Supplies are limited

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.

DOGS *always* PREFER SPILLERS SHAPES

For men in a hurry!

WARDONIA BLADES FOR BETTER SHAVES

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES-MEDIUM OR MILD

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PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

THE CATHERINE WHEEL

THIS was the badge of the Knights of St. Catherine, an order created in 1063 A.D. for the protection of pilgrims on their journey to the Holy Land. It has often been used since—as a tribute displayed by Londoners, in 1501, to Catherine of Aragon; as a charge in the Company of Turners' arms; as a favourite firework on Guy Fawkes' night. But most appropriate is its use as an inn sign, signifying protection for the wayfarer from weariness and weather. Through centuries of our history the inn has provided refreshment and cheer. Through centuries to come, it will continue to do so.

Specially designed and engraved by John Farleigh

"You need Drene Shampoo for glamorous hair" says Eileen Bennett

Brilliant Stage Star

Follow the lead of the stars—treat your hair to a lustrous Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with fascinating highlights. Drene is quick and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as A B C . . . lovelier, more glamorous than ever before. 7½d. and 1/10½d., and an extra large Family Size that will save you money . . . ask your chemist.

drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

This dog is a

P.S.

(Priority Spaniel)

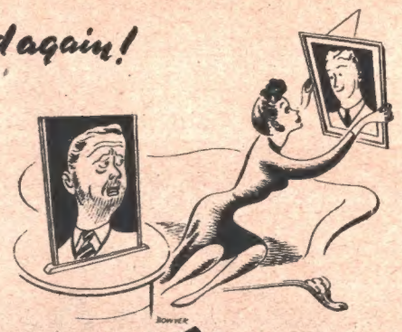
He's on the priority list for a Chappie supply, because his master's an old Chappie customer and naturally he gets first chance to have what's going. It's hard luck on the other dogs, for vets and breeders agree that Chappie is the scientifically-balanced all-round diet which keeps *all* dogs fit and happy. But see to it that *your* pet gets Chappie just as soon as it becomes generally available.

Price 1/-.

"CHAPPIE"

DOG FOOD

It's that beard again!



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Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

Your own Radio—

BUT WE LOOK AFTER IT IN YOUR HOME

When you buy a Sobell radio you're not just another customer . . . you become 'one of the family.' So it is our responsibility to see that you have unbroken good-listening for at least two years, without a penny extra cost. Behind your Sobell set, therefore, is a 2 years' all-in guarantee of service *in your own home* by a Sobell engineer if anything should ever need attention. Send the coupon and get to know all about the Sobell set and service *now*.

SOBELL RADIO

ALL-IN SERVICE in the HOME—

To Sobell Industries Ltd., Plantation Rd., Amersham, Bucks.
Please send me a copy of "Something Unique in Radio"

NAME .....

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE) J83

You're as young as your feet!

Our experts can soon relieve pain, give treatment, to correct weakness and gradually restore your feet to health. We have branches everywhere.

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DEPENDABLE *and safe*

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LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11

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Purchase Tax Included

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

The best shave is a BRUSHLESS

BRYLSHAVE

You can't have had a best shave until you've tried a Brushless **Brylshave**. It's slick, smooth, easy, and seems to add another 10% to the keenness of your blade. As good for shaving as Brylcreem is good for your hair.

IN JARS 1/9 (*Including Purchase Tax*)

Made by the makers of BRYLCREEM 2C

Here's another small reminder: ALL the picture in the finder

ILFORD SELO FILMS

LIQUID or SOLID

"BLANCO" BRAND REG'D

The Original WHITE CLEANER for CANVAS and BUCKSKIN SHOES

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

DETTOL OINTMENT

In the treatment of skin disorders which require a soothing, healing and antiseptic ointment, Dettol Ointment has proved most effective. This remarkable ointment contains the active germ-killing principles of Dettol.

John Freeman & Co. Ltd., 'Spa' Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks. 46/3

I'm growing up the WRIGHT way

with WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

"When will she be better?"

Quick recovery depends on the metabolic rate

THE metabolic rate is the technical name for the rate of the various processes which are constantly going on in our bodies, such as digestion and replacement of energy.

During illness the metabolic rate, or the "living rate," is slowed down. Food is needed to speed it up, yet often food is distasteful to the patient. So, doctors advise tempting, easily digested soups, broths, and meat extracts. Clinical tests in a famous research institute have proved that, of these, Brand's Essence is outstandingly successful in stimulating the metabolism. Moreover, Brand's Essence is *tempting*. Once the metabolism is stimulated, appetite begins to return and recovery is hastened. Brand's Essence is 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

The Eight of Clubs

FORETELLS PLEASURE

—Dancing with Jack tonight—how grand! She wants to look her most glamorous best, so she's taking very good care that 'shiny nose' won't spoil everything—her Snowfire Powder-Cream will give her complexion-confidence all evening long.

In five skin-flattering tones—Naturelle, Rachelle, Peach, Riviera and Tropical Tan.

NEW HANDBAG CONTAINERS 5½d. ALSO LARGER SIZES. Snowfire Powder is in the same shades as Snowfire Powder-Cream. Snowfire Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base.

Snowfire

★ POWDER-CREAM
FACE POWDER
VANISHING CREAM

Here are the WINNERS of the BASILDON BOND Forces' Letters Competition

MR. JAMES AGATE, one of the judges of the Basildon Bond competition for the best Forces' letters written during or since the war, writes: "I found real pleasure in reading the letters submitted to me. Many of them, I thought, were most moving, and the competition turned out to be a real success."

The judges included James Agate, Commander Campbell, and Margery Anderson. Cheques have been forwarded to all prize winners including 101 consolation prizes of £3 and the first four winners as under:

1st Prize (£100) Writer: I. Rowbery, Killed in action. Sender: Mrs. L. Rowbery, W'hampton. 2nd Prize (£50) Writer: L.A.C. Folkson, G. E.A.F. Sender: Miss A Folkson, London, W.16. 3rd Prize (£30) Writer: Lt. P. G. Riches, No. 3 Commando. Sender: Mrs. Sally Hayman, London, E.1. 4th Prize (£20) Writer: Trooper J. Kitchen, R.A.C. Sender: Mr. W. J. Kitchen, London, W.2.

With the exception of the first prize, the prize money has been divided equally between the writer and the sender of the letter.

A complete list of the prize-winners can be obtained on application to John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., Apsley Mills, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

BASILDON BOND BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

YOU deserve a Whitbread

but we cannot supply you with all you deserve unless you take those empty bottles back. The shortage of bottles has become acute—so please hunt round those cupboards and corners, and return *all* your empties to your supplier right away. It's heartbreaking for him to have to refuse an evident judge of good ale.

WHITBREAD

SUPERB PALE ALE

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best

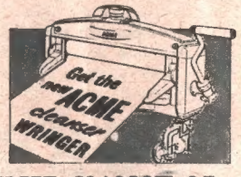
and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

YOU OWE YOURSELF AN ACME WRINGER MRS. HART!

"Mum" still does all the family's washing. And with two daughters at business and a factory-worker son, washday's a bit of a nightmare. "I'm not grumbling," says Mrs. Hart, "but by the time I've wrung out all their underclothes, and blouses, and tablecloths too, all by hand, I feel done in. I'm too old for the job I tell them!"

You're not too old Mrs. Hart. But you want something to deal with all the wringing instead of your hands.
The post-war Acme's made to do that too for you. Nothing's too heavy—or too light—for the Acme. You yourself control the pressure. And even after a lifetime's washing you'll be amazed at your wash! Be kind to yourself, Mrs. Hart.

16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra



ACME WRINGERS LTD., DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

"I thought my apron was **white** until I saw your **Persil-white** one"

CLASS 1 SOAP POWDER 4D. AND 8D. PACKETS

PER 1052-943-65 *Selling Agents* CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

Too good to be without—

MILLER'S British BAKING POWDER

Famous since 1847

JOHN BULL May 25 1946 Vol 79 No 2084 186 High Holborn WC1 Tel: Temple Bar 2468

STOCKING UP THE SHOPS

Russia's New Towns—and Ours • Consternation Among Communists • New Junior Ministers • Why Nuremberg Must Go On • Work for the Disabled

AT A TIME WHEN THERE IS SO much talk of shortages and scarcities, anything that gives real hope of more supplies for the public is exceptionally good news.

It is therefore pleasant and timely to be able to forecast a steady increase in the stocks of clothing and boots and shoes reaching the shops.

Many shoppers must already have noticed a slight easing-up of "austerity" in this respect.

From about midsummer onwards, the change should be so marked that people will almost feel they are back in the pre-war age of plenty.

Service Cuts

There are very good reasons for this. While the demobilization programme was going ahead rapidly the claims of the Services on clothing and footwear—for demob kits as well as for the outfitting of men and women still in uniform—were literally enormous.

Now, the position is different. Orders for demobilization clothes are being heavily cut as the demob rate drops sharply. At the same time, the very great decrease in the size of the Forces, and the accumulation of surplus stocks, has vastly reduced Service orders for clothing and boots and shoes of all kinds.

Civilians Benefit

The civilian will soon feel the benefit. Firms which were formerly fully occupied in producing clothing, hosiery and footwear for the Services are now free to turn their entire capacity over to civilian production. They are already doing so at a great rate, and the result will be an increasing flow of goods to fill the empty shelves of the shops in civvy street.

In addition, there should be quite large supplies of surplus Service stocks available for disposal to the public. Government policy, which we applaud, is not to "hoard" these stocks, but to release them for sale to civilians as quickly as possible, and at fair prices.

Food Crisis Facts

THE BACKGROUND OF Herbert Morrison's departure on his momentous mission to Washington was one of darkening crisis.

The food outlook in the British zone of Germany and in India, had become so desperate that the Cabinet regarded an approach to the United States Government, on the highest level, as the only possible answer.

Not in Vain

Prompting this approach was the certain knowledge that the wheat, needed so badly in the famine areas, which exists in the United States, was still being held back by farmers, and being fed to animals on a scale that could not be defended in the light of world conditions. The monthly feeding of wheat alone to animals in America is believed to be equal to the entire total of British stocks, and sufficient to meet the whole world shortage.

If the Morrison mission succeeds in rousing the conscience of the American continent, it will not have been in vain. At the very least, it will have made clear to America and Canada the responsibility which must rest on them if famine conditions are allowed to develop in Germany and India.

Hundreds of New Towns

"NEW TOWNS BY THE HUNDRED" are promised by Valentin Makarov, Russia's Minister of Municipal Economy.

Under the new five-year plan, a total of 5,900 industrial localities in Russia are scheduled for restoration or rebuilding by 1950, and in hundreds of these places a new town is to be built.

The Soviet authorities, as usual, are doing the thing on a massive scale. "All traces of war damage," they claim, "will be eradicated by 1950. Town building and urban development will reach a new peak."

Names of some of the new towns have not yet had time to appear on any map.

Not So Easy Here

Russia's town planners are fortunate in not having to bother about possible protests of existing residents.

In the very wide and mostly open spaces of the U.S.S.R. there is plenty of scope for new towns without tears.

Britain's Minister of Town and Country Planning, Lewis Silkin, must be envious. Although the storm over Stevenage has abated and the New Towns Bill has had, on the whole, the kind of reception it deserves as an enlightened and progressive measure, Silkin is not unaware of the probable reactions of local residents in other places.

People Who Object

Wherever he turns, in this tight and crowded little island, there will be people whose old homes and established interests are unfortunately in the path of progress, and whose first reactions will naturally be to oppose rebuilding.

Nevertheless, progress must go on. Silkin cannot be stopped by purely personal objections in choosing likely sites for the fifteen or twenty new towns to be built under the Bill.

Mobberley (Cheshire) is the next certainty after Stevenage. It will draw its main population from Manchester and Salford.

Each of the new towns will be built under the supervision of a development corporation appointed by the Minister. Local authorities in the new town area will be consulted before the appointments are made.

This is essential. Though the Minister will have the last word—as he should—local authorities will have their full rights of consultation.

Background of Experience

BOTH SILKIN AND HIS Parliamentary Secretary, Fred Marshall, are men with a rich background of local government experience. They are not in the least likely to ignore the tender susceptibilities of local authorities.

Silkin, a fifty-six years old Londoner, specialized in planning problems as a member of the London County Council,

Lewis Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning, must be envious of Russia's open spaces

and had a national reputation in this field.

But he has never made the mistake to which some London municipal leaders are prone. He never forgets that provincial municipalities have their own traditions and their own problems.

Affiliation Line-up

THERE IS CONSTERNATION in the Communist Party's headquarters. It now seems certain that the Communist application for affiliation to the Labour Party will be rejected by a large majority.

The decision of the National Union of Distributive Workers, in past years a stalwart supporter of the affiliation argument, came as a shock to the Communists.

NUDAW's Annual Conference, in defeating the supporters of affiliation by over four votes to one, surprised everybody, including the bitterest opponents of the Communist affiliation campaign.

Inquest Impending

Considering that only a few months ago the Communists counted the chances of getting a favourable affiliation vote from the Labour Party's Annual Conference as extremely high, the change is noteworthy.

A Communist inquest on this setback will be held.

Some Communists hold the view that the affiliation campaign has been badly handled. They are particularly critical of *Daily Worker* editor William Rust who has, they say, created prejudice against the affiliation proposals by letting his tendency to bad-tempered criticism of Labour get the better of his judgment.

Oddly enough, the failure of the affiliation bid seems certain to make the present disagreements among Communist Party leaders more bitter than ever before, with Pollitt, Communist Party Secretary, and Rust on opposite sides.

This is, of course, nothing new. The two men may be "comrades" in public. What they think about each other behind the scenes is probably very different.

Shinwell's "Sidekick"

THE PROMOTION OF THREE able Labour back-benchers to front-bench status in the recent minor Government reshuffle was not unexpected. What was unexpected was the jobs they got.

Lancashire ex-miner Bill Foster, who lives in St. Helens (Lancs) and sits for Wigan, became Shinwell's Parliamentary Secretary immediately after the General

TWILIGHT OF IMPERIALISM: by the Editor

THE TRADITION OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM dies hard.

Within a short period, the Government has shown that it really means to free India, in spite of every difficulty and disappointment, and that it intends to get out of Egypt with as little delay as possible.

It is, in fact, demonstrating the reality of an entirely new approach to "Empire," and setting an example to the whole world.

Yet the old imperialistic nonsense lingers on.

The obvious honesty of our intentions in India is viewed with open distrust. The "Blimps" can hardly believe it.

The decision to clear out of Egypt brought forth from Mr. Churchill a thunderous speech in the mellow imperialist vein of which he is an acknowledged master. Others have followed his lead. "Strategic defence of the Empire." "Preservation of Britain's life-lines." All the old bromides of the past have been brought out once more.

Is it possible that the politicians and commentators who have been talking and writing in this strain are completely unaware that we are living in a new age?

The "man in the street" knows it. He senses at once that the old ideas of imperial defence are as outworn and useless in the world of today as a Zeppelin in a sky filled with jet fighters.

It is not only a question of the atomic bomb—although that weapon has helped to bring about the transformation. There is a fundamental change in men's minds which makes them realize that the only real hope of future security and peace lies in a world-wide assembly of free nations, working together for the common good.

The vital point is that they must be *free* nations, and none must be denied its own place in the world. This is why JOHN BULL believes the Government is following the right — indeed the only — policy both in India and in Egypt.

Election. His successor is a completely different personality.

Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell, C.B.E., forty-year-old product of Winchester and New College, Oxford, is now Number Two at the Ministry of Mines.

No Miner's Man?

Gaitskell is one of the best younger men in Parliament. His Board of Trade work during the war as a Civil Servant earned him the C.B.E. More important, it got the respect and regard of Labour's leading men, including the present Chancellor, Hugh Dalton.

But the powerful miners' group in Parliament, although they have the highest personal regard for Gaitskell, want to know why no ex-miner was regarded as suitable.

Bottomley and Blenkinsop

George Bottomley, thirty-nine years old ex-railway worker, and Captain Arthur Blenkinsop, four years younger, were two M.P.s scheduled for early promotion. One goes to the Dominions Office; the other to the Ministry of Pensions.

Bottomley was deputy Regional Commissioner for the South-East Region from 1941-45. He was elected an Alderman at Walthamstow in 1937. He rates decidedly as one of Labour's future big shots.

Blenkinsop, amiably witty, had been functioning quietly in the Labour Whips' Office until this appointment. He has been a somewhat underestimated Parliamentary figure. Now M.P.s will be able to see him in action at times when amiability is not enough to handle the Opposition.

Non-stop Nuremberg

IS THE NUREMBERG TRIAL going on for ever? It has already lasted more than twice as long as the most pessimistic estimate made when it opened last year, and there is as yet no sign of an early end to it.

As a "news" story, the trial has all but outlived its original appeal. Lavishly reported in the early stages, it has gradually tailed off into something of only sporadic and incidental interest.

Big moments such as Goering's personal and short-lived success in defending himself; occasional revelations of Nazi secret history—these have made headlines. But the trial as a whole has become little more than a bore, and the numbers of those questioning its wisdom have increased month by month.

History Will Decide

Was it really necessary to make such a show of "justice" in dealing with Nazi war criminals? Is the German public impressed or merely cynical?

Arguments on these points will go on as long as the trial lasts, and longer. The truth will be a matter for history to decide.

On one point, however, we are convinced that many current commentators are totally wrong.

There is a clamour in some quarters to cut the trial short at this stage—to hurry up the proceedings and deal swiftly with the remaining cases, simply because people are impatient and anxious to make an end of the long-drawn-out legal proceedings at Nuremberg.

This is a remarkably short-sighted demand.

It Must Go On

Having once begun the trial as an elaborate demonstration of Allied legal machinery in action, and continued it for months on that basis, we are morally compelled to go through with it.

We cannot just cut the whole procedure and deny to the remaining defendants the time and facilities already allowed to Goering and the other chief Nazis. We have set our course at Nuremberg and we must follow it to the end, however slow and tortuous the way may be.

"Inadequate" Quota

UNDER A QUOTA PLAN, employers are already obliged to take on disabled persons to the extent of two per cent of their staffs.

George Isaacs, Minister of Labour, said the other day that the plan was working well, but that the two per cent quota was "hopelessly inadequate" and would shortly have to be raised.

Behind this statement lies an entirely different and far better attitude towards the disabled man from that which was shown by both employers of labour and the Government after the last war.

Self-supporting

There was once an idea that the disabled man (particularly the ex-Servicemen in receipt of a disablement pension) was an undesirable kind of employee, a drag on the wheels of industry.

Today, it is generally recognized that the technically "disabled" man is often at least as capable as the next man of doing a full-time job, provided the nature of the work on which he is employed is not incompatible with his infirmity. (A man with bad feet, for example, would obviously be useless as a postman, but possibly employable as a sorter or post office clerk.)

Out of 53,500 disabled men at present out of employment, it is estimated that fully 44,000 are capable of holding their own in the industrial market. Further, these men, most of whom were injured on war service, may be fairly said to have a priority claim on employment.

Mr. Isaacs has said that it is the Government's policy to see every disabled person made into a self-supporting worker. We agree.

"A FRIEND INDEED!"

"Your cheque was far beyond my expectations. JOHN BULL is a friend indeed!" writes Mr. E. W. Young, of Tiverton, Cheshire, in acknowledging payment under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

From the Cab Rank

ANOTHER LONDON TAXI-DRIVER in the tradition of our own Herbert Hodge has gone "literary" and after eighteen months of pounding his typewriter, has finished his 70,000-word autobiography, *The Trouble With Yesterday*, which is due for publication later this year.

This new author from the cab rank, thirty-five years old Maurice Levinson, has been driving a taxi in London for the past eleven years when not on Civil Defence work.

He Also Paints

Besides being a writer, he also paints in oils and has had one picture exhibited. This picture will be used in reproduction as a book-jacket for *The Trouble With Yesterday*.

When he was three months old, Levinson's parents left Russia, where he was born, for Paris and three years later came to England.

He has no intention of giving up taxi-driving, although he is busy on his second book. He says that he prefers writing to picking up fares, but explains that he has a wife, two children and a little home at Kenton, and they can't be kept going on his literary earnings—at least, not yet.

New March of Time

NEXT MONTH SHOULD SEE production in full swing at a new watch and clock factory which has just been opened at Ystradgynlais, South Wales.

There, in a modern factory, set in a beautiful thirty-acre estate, 600 specially trained workers are busy on the first batch of watches, which it is hoped will reach the market by the autumn.

Many of the key workers were selected from local villagers by psychiatrists after careful tests to establish their aptitude for delicate assembly tasks.

It is hoped eventually to reach a target of 3,000,000 watches a year!

Visual Education

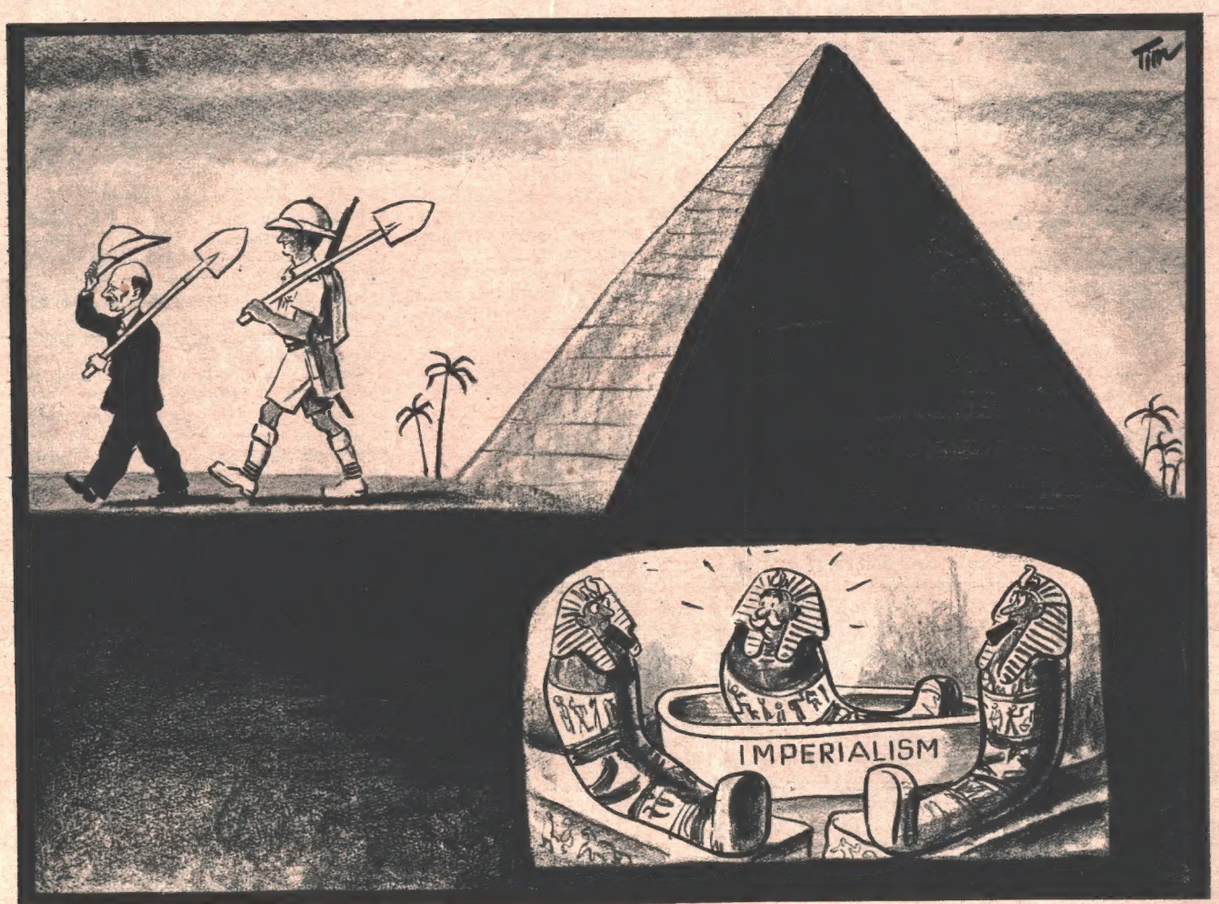
WHY ISN'T MORE USE made of films to offset the serious shortage of teachers? The value of films as an educational medium has been proved, yet the last available figures show that we have only 1,700 projectors among 30,000 schools.

We should like to see a "white blackboard" in every school in the country and a plentiful supply of sanely made films to take the place of out-of-date textbooks.

No Shortage Here

AFTER READING about the world shortage of fats, Terence Cuneo went for a walk in the country and saw the extremely well-fed pig which appears on our cover this week. The almost indecent obesity of that pig, and the expression of the man who was watching it, made such a forcible impression on Cuneo that he just had to paint the scene. And it was such an excellent painting that we had to publish it, even though a pig is not everybody's idea of a cover model.

This is Cuneo's third cover for JOHN BULL, and we are sure it won't be his last. His previous ones have been among the most popular we have printed.



GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

Sir John plans to multiply the earth's harvests, and spread its bounty across the globe, so that all may be fed

MAN WHO FIGHTS FAMINE

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Sir John Boyd Orr has fought the battle of food for years. Now, as United Nations Food Chief, he tackles the biggest job of his life

I MEET, OCCASIONALLY, even in this modern world, a knight in shining armour. You may not see his cuirass or his helm. His shield is his character. His lance is the purpose in his soul. The dragons he goes out to kill are Ignorance and Cruelty and Injustice.

We lost one such knight, the other week, in Maynard Keynes. But we have others. Britain, bankrupt though she may be in material possessions, is rich in men of genius and altruism.

Sir John Boyd Orr stands out even among the galaxy of our nation's talent. He is an idealist with a plan. His head goes into the clouds only for inspiration; always, his feet remain upon the ground.

He sallies forth to kill the monster of Hunger. He has emblazoned as his motto the words "Peace through Plenty." He is dauntless, persistent and unafraid.

He will not be satisfied until UNO has implemented his revolutionary idea of multiplying the earth's harvests, and spreading its bounty right across the globe, so that all may be fed.

It was he who, a few years before the war, shocked Britain with his disclosures that half our population was suffering from malnutrition. Then, he was director of the Rowett Institute—a Scottish experimental farm—a Master of Arts, a Doctor of Medicine and a Doctor of Science who, after studying such problems as rickets in pigs and seeking to increase the production of oats, embarked on a survey that may be destined to change the course of human history.

He understood that it was no use growing more food unless people were able to buy it. "As income increases," he was soon preaching, "disease and the death-rate decrease. Therefore, the dietary of the poorest must be improved."

Facts That Horrified

The facts and the figures he produced were staggering. They horrified.

But the politicians of the day decided that the promised Land of Plenty, like Czechoslovakia, was "a country far away, one of which we knew little."

Even when Sir John was allowed to deliver an Empire broadcast in 1937, the B.B.C. chose Whit-Monday for his speech—a day on which millions were away from home and so few could listen in.

Lloyd George listened. But he was eighty, and a statesman out of office.

"Why were you the only journalist who reported Orr's broadcast?" L. G. asked me, a week or so after. "It should have been printed in every newspaper in the country."

"The diet of half the population is not up to standard," Sir John had said. "The food of no fewer than 5,000,000 in the land is deficient in every way—and those 5,000,000 include 25 per cent of all the children in the country.

"The average family should be spending £1 a week on milk alone. No wonder that the mother so often looks prematurely old. Then we blame her for bad cooking!"

As food had improved in quality, went on Sir John, disease had gone down, infantile and maternal mortality decreased, and the expectation of life increased by seven years.

But, alas, this country had not improved as had Norway, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland. In those countries, the average infantile mortality was only 30 per 1,000. In England it was 57, and, in Scotland, 82!

In Oslo, every child in the town, rich and poor, had an adequate breakfast of protective foods. As a result, child mortality, which was 46 per 1,000 in 1931, was then only 30. This compared with the figure of 60 in London!

Sir John urged the need of a national food policy.

"It would be one of economic wisdom," he said. "It would lift depression from the depressed areas, lift poverty from the countryside, for the money would be spent at home.

"But it should not be done merely because it is economic. We must do it because it is the right thing to do. The happiness of a country does not depend upon its wealth or its armaments, but the health and vigour of the race.

"There is no country in the world with a better heart than ours. So soon as the people understand that we must have a food policy—when women are as much in earnest about health as they were about their votes — then it will be done. We have to decide now.

"What the country will be like in 1987 depends on 1937!"

Then came the war, which imposed on Sir John a score of new tasks. But in 1945 he entered Parliament, not as the Socialist he really was but as the Independent Member for the Scottish Universities. He realized that the House of Commons was the battlefield on which he could then best fight.

In the last week of the War Government, he made a maiden speech that was a triumph of unanswerable logic and devastating argument.

"We ought to regard health as being the natural and normal state of human beings," he said. "If the level of housing and feeding were brought up to the health standard, and there was an assurance of social security, more than fifty per cent of the disease affecting the working classes could be eliminated, and ten years could be added to the expectation of the lives of the great majority.

"Enemies of the People"

"I am appalled to hear complacent talk about waiting ten or a dozen years before we can provide our returned soldiers with houses. People must have forgotten the enormous productive powers of modern science.

"If the housing problem were tackled with the intensity of purpose shown in the munitions drive, the people could be provided with a decent house in half the time."

He declared that any Government which failed to devote the full resources of the State to enabling our people to live a healthy life should be regarded as "enemies of the people."

All that, though, belonged to Sir John's period of argument and talk.

A few weeks later, the nation swept out of power the forces that delayed progress and hated controls. Soon after, a revolution began.

The United Nations decided upon a common policy for the control of food production and distribution. Clement Attlee decided that Orr was the one man in Britain who could represent his country at Hot Springs. There, Sir John so stood out among the delegates, that he personified the conference.

Today, as Director-General of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, he is at work on a long-term policy which, if it is adopted, will transform the lives of millions.

World-wide Prosperity

The plan, in a phrase, is a price and market guaranteed for farmers everywhere.

"That," says Orr, "promises prosperity for all the world and co-operation among all the nations."

I found him, in Washington, slaving night and day on his plan to save mankind by increasing the world's crops and then sharing the almost limitless abundance so that none might go hungry. Twelve experts, drawn from a dozen countries, toiled under his direction, unpaid but restless in their enthusiasm.

Nothing daunts this great Scotsman.

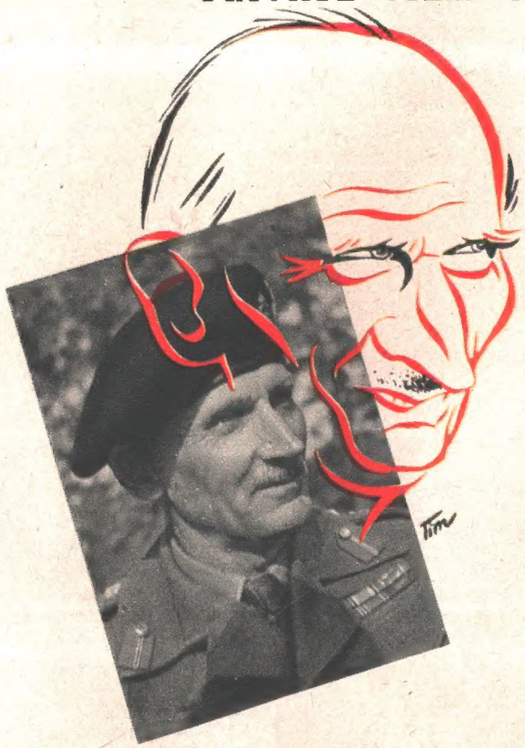
"My plan, I trust, will be completed in May," he told me. "It will find work for millions and lessen misery everywhere.

"We should be thinking, not in terms of a route to India, but in terms of food for the Indian people. Europe wants food, China wants food. We must grow more food—and then supply it.

"I am hopeful of inducing governments and financiers to find the money. It is the only way to permanent peace. Food is the real problem facing all the countries of the world."

Food, after all, is the final answer to the atom bomb. For, if people have the means of healthy subsistence—and work is only a means to that—problems of frontiers become trivial.

PRIVATE VIEW OF MONTGOMERY



MODERN CROMWELL

OF ALL THE GREAT SOLDIERS who, as Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff, have presided over the War Office, none has been in the least like the man who takes on the Army's highest appointment next month.

Thin and angular, with piercing blue eyes set deep in a foxlike face, and with a rasping, staccato voice, the new C.I.G.S. is one of the most remarkable characters Sandhurst ever turned out.

Not all Whitehall will welcome the coming of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.

The armchair brasshats have never liked the man whom Churchill once described as "this vehement and formidable general. A grim, slim figure; Cromwellian, austere, tireless, his life given to the art of war."

Bernard Montgomery was born in a London vicarage, St. Mark's, Kennington, fifty-eight years ago. As a baby, he was taken to Tasmania, when his father was made bishop of that country.

Monty's mother, now eighty-one, was the daughter of Dean Farrar, author of the schoolboy sob story, *Eric, Or Little By Little*.

Though intensely proud of her famous son, Lady Montgomery has no illusions of his being easy to get on with.

When he visits the family home at New Park, Moville, Co. Donegal, he takes command, she says, inspects the kitchen and then sniffs with that long nose of his.

"STRANGERS always find him difficult," says Monty's mother. "He goes around bossing everyone and perhaps gives outsiders the wrong impression."

There is no truth in the story that Montgomery was first going into the Church. His heart was always set on soldiering, and in 1908 he passed out of Sandhurst, second lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

His school record had been good but not exceptional. After one term at King's School, Canterbury, he went to St. Paul's. His nickname was Monkey, and he captained the school at rugger and cricket.

In the first World War he won the D.S.O. and rose from captain to lieutenant-colonel, after being so severely wounded, in 1914, that he was nearly left for dead. In between wars he served in India and the Middle East.

In 1937 his wife died. Each winter of the ten happy years they were married the Montgomerys had gone on leave to Switzerland. He spent three weeks there last February, world-famous but lonely.

The loss of his wife left Montgomery with nothing to live for but soldiering. He knew that big success lay partly in the hands of destiny.

"If a war comes within three years," he said, "I shall go down to history as a great general. If it doesn't, no one will really have heard of me."

IN Germany the Field Marshal lived in a castle near Hanover, with a lakeside residence outside Berlin for his use in summer. In London he takes over a two-floor flat in Westminster Gardens from Lord Alanbrooke, whom he succeeds as C.I.G.S.

Monty likes to have plenty of room. Even in the Western Desert he had three caravans—one to sleep in, another to eat in and a third to think in.

The last one mattered most.

His friends are thinkers. Men like Dr. Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester, whose eldest son was his personal A.D.C., and Mr. T. Reynolds, a preparatory schoolmaster.

His daily life is thought out and, whatever happens, he reads his Bible every day.

At 6.30 his batman calls him with a cup of sweet tea. Then Monty sits up in his pyjamas and reads several newspapers. He is far from indifferent to public opinion. Did not Napoleon, wherever he was campaigning, keep asking his couriers, "What are they saying in Paris?"

For breakfast the Field Marshal takes porridge, with salt, followed, perhaps, by beef sausages with potato cakes or "bubble and squeak" served with fried bread. Afterwards, honey.

Lady Freyberg sends him the honey from New Zealand, as she did when her V.C. husband was one of Monty's corps commanders in the desert.

Though generally a teetotaller, he will take a glass of wine on a special occasion, to toast his Desert Rats, for instance, or at a party with Zhukov. Wines and spirits are served at his dinner parties. The food is varied, but the host himself never eats eggs, bacon, pork or fish.

His doctor forbids him to touch these, but Montgomery enjoys toasted cheese and creme caramel.

WHAT sort of a new army will be built by the man who, without losing a battle, led our men —"my soldiers" he always calls them—from Egypt, through Tripoli, Tunis, Sicily and southern Italy, and then through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany to final victory?

It will be an efficient army. "If we want peace," says Monty, "we must understand war."

Its administration will be sound. "Without the necessary tools, you cannot get on with the job."

It will be a well-informed army. Rating morale higher than security, he used to discuss secret plans with all officers down to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Stopping his car, he would sometimes explain to an unknown private how the battle was going on.

Welfare will be in number one priority. "Your men must be in good heart," says the scientific soldier whose picturesque, almost flamboyant, personality changed the Eighth Army from a bewildered, angry collection of units into an irresistible, united force, every man in which felt he was seven feet tall.

There just couldn't be a forgotten army with Montgomery at its head!

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

STEEL

HENRY BESSEMER, ENGLISH INVENTOR, made the key discovery on which steel manufacture depends. Experimenting with iron for cannon in 1856, he tried to purify it by sending a blast of air into the molten pig-iron. Critics said the iron would cool and solidify; in fact, temperature increased and all impurities were burned away.

★ ★ ★

The iron industry is of very ancient origin. In the history of civilization the Iron Age follows the Bronze Age. An iron blade found in the Pyramids is known to be 5,000 years old; and iron beads dating from at least 6,000 B.C. have been found in Egypt.

★ ★ ★

Primitive man probably discovered iron through the charcoal of his camp-fire extracting it from "paint-rock"—the red iron ore. The same principle is still in use in the Catalan Forge—after close on 10,000 years.

★ ★ ★

The English iron industry was known to be thriving in the tenth century, but it is actually much older. We know the Romans in Britain used iron bars as currency.

★ ★ ★

Today, there are about 3,000 steel firms in the country, including 1,800 iron-founders and some 2,500 scrap dealers. The British Iron and Steel Federation has 480 members.

★ ★ ★

Faced with nationalization, the industry claimed that it was efficient under private enterprise. But, in 1933, it had 44 per cent unemployment; in 1939, "a good year," one steelworker in four was unemployed. In 1938 the average wage of pig-iron workers was £4 a week, the working conditions "frequently murderous."

★ ★ ★

Between 1934 and 1939 steel went up 33 per cent in price, whereas coal prices only rose 21 per cent. In 1934 the industry produced 13½ million tons. Production today is, if anything, slightly under that figure. Profits have doubled. Critics explain these figures by alleging "monopoly tactics"—restriction of output to send up price.

★ ★ ★

The invention of stainless steel was the result of an extraordinarily lucky chance. During the last war, Henry Brearley was investigating the corrosion of rifle barrels. He tried adding 14 per cent of chromium to the steel, was disappointed in the results and threw some broken pieces aside. A week later it was noticed they were still bright. Brearley, who could hardly believe it, had discovered a non-rusting steel. (Oddly enough, however, a Krupps patent for the same formula had been filed in 1912).

★ ★ ★

To test the discovery, a plate of the new steel was towed round the world by a liner. A rub with a polisher and it was as good as new.

★ ★ ★

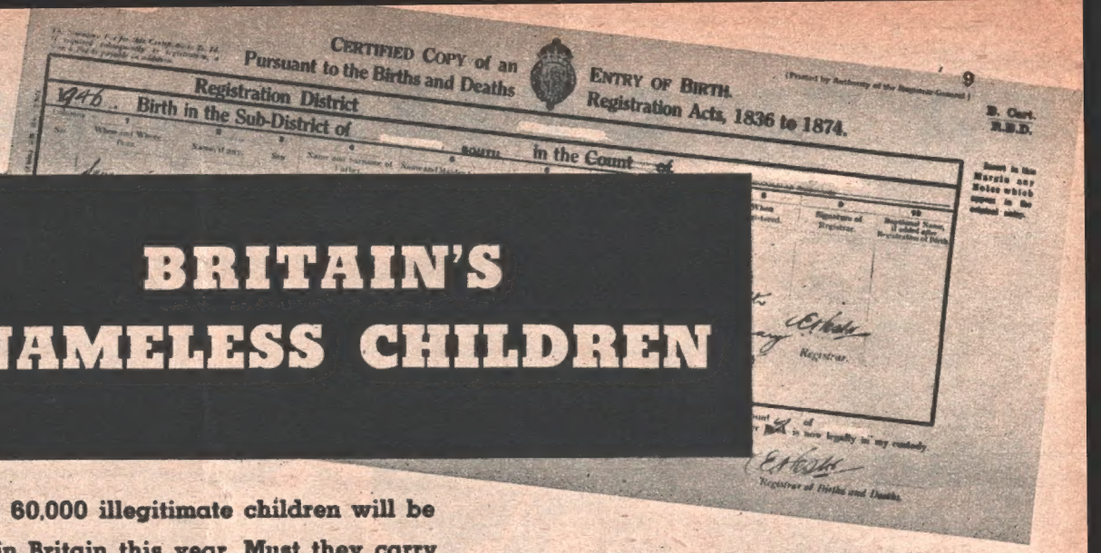
One of the first uses of stainless steel was to line brewing vats; next, to export beer to Britons in the East. The rustless 10-gallon drums carried the precious contents 5,000 miles without deterioration!

★ ★ ★

In a reservoir scheme some years ago a section of the river bed of the Derwent was lined with stainless steel to prevent weed growth.

★ ★ ★

The story is told in Sheffield that the earlier non-rusting steels were not pliable. The research department was worried. Unknown to them, however, a worker, asked by his girl to make her a ring, produced after a few trials a perfect article. Only when all the girls were demanding similar rings (which looked like platinum) did the management discover that their problem had been unofficially solved.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Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Acts, 1836 to 1874.
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BRITAIN'S NAMELESS CHILDREN

About 60,000 illegitimate children will be born in Britain this year. Must they carry the stigma of their birth through life? Here's a plea for a human approach to the problem

by KATHLEEN TAYLOR

FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND illegitimate babies were born in this country last year. A thousand every week!

This year, the figure is estimated to reach 60,000.

These are shock figures. All the more so because they are rarely mentioned openly.

The first World War rocketed our illegitimacy figures. In 1918 in England and Wales 41,156 babies were born of unmarried mothers. The number rose to 41,873 in 1919. In both instances these figures represented six per cent of the total birthrate.

In the years that followed, the rising chart of illegitimate births dropped sharply. But the second World War sent them soaring again. Perhaps this year's steep figure will be the peak, if the experience of the last post-war period is any guide.

Meantime, it is worthwhile asking ourselves what is to become of these unlucky war babies. Are they to be cast adrift? Penalized because of parents who, as likely as not, were misled by the false "glamour" of war-time romance.

Or are they to be given an equal chance in life with children born of married parents? This is a problem of tens of thousands of human lives. It should not be shelved, left to somebody else or conveniently forgotten.

Most people readily admit that the illegitimate child in the present scheme of things suffers from a number of serious handicaps.

In the first place, the child's very birth is often surrounded with trouble because the mother, left to fend for herself, is not properly looked after.

Then there is the question of the illegitimate child's place in society.

Every child has the right to be born in decent circumstances. Our illegitimate babies, for the most part, are denied this. Unlike Sweden and Soviet Russia, we do not grant an allowance to unmarried mothers.

Consequently, the mother is solely responsible for the baby's welfare. The father gets off scot-free unless she succeeds in getting a court order deciding paternity.

Few Voluntary Societies

The truth of the matter is that most unmarried mothers, particularly the younger girls, have to bring up their children on the very same money with which they supported themselves. The girl struggles to keep her job until the very last minute. The day comes when she has to leave work. Then what?

If she is "lucky" she will have heard of the few voluntary societies, such as the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child. Last year this council alone handled between 4,000 and 5,000 cases.

When a girl "in trouble" goes along to the council she is put into touch with the Moral Welfare Workers (I wish they would change that name) in her town. They, in turn, arrange for her to go into a mother-and-baby home. So far so good. For the time being she is helped out of her difficulties.

After that, it's up to herself. Fortunately, the local authorities are beginning to stir themselves. As they can get staff they appoint people to look after the unmarried mothers.

Essex County Council, for instance, runs a very good home for both married and unmarried mothers.

That is something. To date, however, the care of unmarried mothers and their babies by the voluntary societies and the progressively minded local authorities does not even touch the fringe of the need.

Improvements are visualized in the new Health Bill. All mothers will get sickness benefit before and after birth as well as a maternity grant. But this is still in the future. The need presses urgently now. There are far too few places where the unmarried mother can have her baby with any certainty of financial assistance.

Some people fear that assistance to the unmarried mother may result in "condoning or encouraging her sin." I am inclined to think that the more help that is given the less illegitimacy there will be.

Until the war broke out, illegitimacy figures were declining. This was partly due to the fact that the voluntary societies, which came into existence as a result of the growth of illegitimacy during the first World War, continued their work in the intervening years.

It is the abnormality of war-time life, the instability of existence, the "tomorrow we die" spirit and similar things which have increased our national birth-rate in this irregular manner.

As for "encouraging" illegitimacy, social workers will bear me out that rarely does a woman have more than one illegitimate child. It is a terrible shock for an unmarried girl to have a baby. On top of the financial strain she suffers intense physical and mental agony. Public opinion labels her guilty. More than anything she wants a chance to begin life anew.

There are some Homes — distressingly few in number—where such an opportunity exists. The Crossroads Club in London is the ideal. I found there a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman director with warm, brown eyes. One of the most "human" human beings I have ever met. Under her guidance the Crossroads Club cares for about twenty young unmarried mothers at a time. But it cannot look after more.

They Keep Their Babies

The club, which is run by the Foundling Hospital, takes in the better type of girl, nurses, secretaries, girls from the women's Services. Experience shows that girls of similar standards are happier together.

There is nothing of the "institution" here.

The baby is made the pivot of the whole place so that the mother learns to love it and wants to keep it. Of the 205 girls who have passed through the Crossroads Club during the last two and a half years, 165 have kept their babies with them, often without any kind of financial help.

But while the Crossroads Club is ideal before and just immediately after the baby is born it is able to care for only a very small percentage of our unmarried mothers. And it is not the whole solution to the problem.

What is needed is some form of flats or service rooms with a nursery attached where mothers could leave their children during the day while they go out to work. Unmarried mothers should never be segregated, thereby becoming objects of attention. Neither should the fact of illegitimacy be brought to public notice in a neighbourhood.

The nameless baby suffers right away from the fact that it hasn't a father like other children. Before long it realizes that it is different; that its mother has done something that is not generally done in the social system.

This brings me to what is perhaps the most important feature of the whole question from the point of view of the child—the stigma of bastardy which overshadows its whole life.

People continue to be shocked by any suggestion that the position of the child should be legitimized.

In this respect, Scotland is miles ahead of England and Wales. There is an abridged birth certificate which merely states the name, birthplace and date of birth of the individual concerned. In England and Wales, on the other hand, the name of the father must still appear. Whenever an illegitimate needs to present his birth certificate the facts of his birth become known.

To sensitive people this is a great humiliation, added to the fact that the child has no legal rights.

While it is true that in this enlightened age no Government department or large business organization refuses to employ an illegitimate person it is idle to deny that a "child without a father" remains something apart.

International Question

Many logical arguments are brought against the introduction of a new birth certificate. It is claimed that the whole matter of registration would have to be reviewed.

But is that a bad thing?

I feel that if Scotland can protect her illegitimates by giving them a chance of being individuals in their own right, so can England and Wales.

One last point. Although illegitimacy is primarily a national problem the fact that many of the fathers were foreign Servicemen gives the question an international character.

There should therefore be some agreement when a woman is granted a court order in this country, whereby a Government department in the country of the man's origin enforces the collection.

That is only fair. It should not prove insuperable. After all there is already a reciprocal order for wives' maintenance in existence. Can it not be extended to the unmarried mothers?

As I see it, there are two aspects to this whole problem of illegitimacy: the care of the mother and the chance of equal status in life for the babies.

A healthy, untrammelled attitude towards this national question is necessary. For the illegitimate babies of today are a goodly percentage of the citizens of tomorrow. We should make it possible for them to face the world as equal human beings, with no stigma or blame attached to them.

A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR MILK

Our milk supply is a big job today, vitally affecting the nation's health. We need 2,000 million gallons of milk a year—and all of it from healthy cows. This is how we can get the milk we need, in the way we want it

by B. A. STEWARD

MY OLD COW, STRAWBERRY, is poking her head out and bellowing over the half-door of the cowshed, asking to go out to the meadow and her favourite meal of spring grass.

She deserves it. She has done well during the war years and, with two and a half million like her, has helped to feed the people.

They have done it so well that children, in spite of restricted supplies of other foods, have grown up healthier and with better physique, merely because they—many of them for the first time—have had the milk that they need.

But what is Strawberry's next big job?

It is to see that these children, and adults too, for that matter, get much more milk in the future.

Now this problem is as important as housing and social security and coal put together, because upon the way it is now tackled depends the health of many generations to come.

Milk, says the Ministry of Health committee on nutrition, is of such outstanding value that the consumption of a sufficient quantity of it may be regarded as the *key to proper nutrition*.

The sufficient quantity, experts tell us, is one gallon per person per week.

Target for Tomorrow

In the formerly "depressed areas" the average consumption per person was less than one pint per week! In the war years it reached three and a half pints per week. We have still a long way to go.

The target, therefore, is to produce 2,000 million gallons yearly from our dairy herds.

How is this to be done? The average cow (unlike Strawberry, who gives 1,000 gallons) yields about 500 gallons a year. On this basis, we should need more than a million additional cows in our herds.

Fortunately there is an alternative. It is to raise the average yield of cows. Professor H. D. Kay, one of our leading milk experts, says that the 500-gallon standard of yield could be raised to 700 or even 750 gallons per cow per year "within a decade."

If this can be done, and personally I am sure it can, then the milk supply problem is solved.

For about thirty years an official system of milk recording, sponsored by the Ministry of Agriculture, has been practised in this country among a small but increasing number of dairy farmers as a means of raising the average yields of their cows.

Under this system farmers weighed the milk from each individual cow regularly and, using the figures obtained, fed the cows correctly according to their yields. They bred only from the best cows, and weeded out the unprofitable ones from their herds.

Remarkable results were achieved. Herds averaged yearly 1,000, and some of them nearly 2,000 gallons per cow. Individual cows gave up to 3,000 or even 4,000 gallons per year. It meant that some of them produced thirty times their own weight in milk every twelve months.

But even more important was the fact that all these recorded cows gave, on an average, more than 150 gallons yearly per cow above the yields of the unrecorded cows.

Recently the Milk Marketing Board took a hand in this development and established a National Milk Records scheme. This has now 17,423 farmer-members, and seventeen per cent of the cows of England and Wales are recorded.

During the last year of the war, in spite of feeding difficulties, the top herd averaged 1,680 gallons per cow, and the top cow gave 3,410 gallons.

The next step, obviously, is to tackle the eighty-three per cent of herds that are still not recorded, and try to bring them nearer to this high standard of production.

By this means, by applying the milk recording system to *all* the herds, the milk we require can be produced without any large increase in the number of cows kept. When imported supplies of protein feeding-stuffs become available, the increase in production will be greatly accelerated.

Now there is another big problem that faces the country's dairy herds. It is that of cattle diseases.

There is no doubt that these diseases—the principal are tuberculosis, mastitis, contagious abortion and sterility—entail serious loss of milk and money to the dairy farmer.

The "T.B." Danger

Much more serious is the fact that there is no co-ordinated action to control them. Cows suffering from them are sold freely in the open market and carry their contagion from farm to farm.

Tuberculosis heads the black list, of course. There is the added danger that it may affect the milk.

Nature safeguards us up to a point. It is her decree that it is only at a late stage of the disease that the udder of the cow, and with it the milk, is tainted. Such cows are dangerous, but usually they are so emaciated and obviously tuberculous that they can be readily recognized and eliminated from the herds.

Although it is said (and the guess is as good as any other) that forty per cent of Britain's dairy cows would, if tested, react positively to the tuberculin test, probably not more than three out of every thousand actually have T.B. germs in their milk.

Some doctors say that this milk is the direct cause of certain forms of tuberculosis in human beings.

Obviously, rather than run any undue risk, we must accept this as true. I cannot speak as a doctor or as a scientist or as a bacteriologist. My opinions are those of one who has been compelled for his sins to milk cows for a number of years. And I must say a few words in defence of my friend Strawberry the cow.

I have fed her milk before the war to calves and pigs and poultry on numerous occasions. Without exception the young animals that had this milk thrived and grew, and their coats had the glow of health. But those that had no milk did not thrive. There are substitutes, but any farmer will tell you what an enormous difference milk makes in the feeding of farm stock.

So my conclusion is that it is not milk that causes disease so much as the lack of milk.

Milk Fights Poverty

Doctors will agree that tuberculosis is mostly a disease of poverty and deficient dietary. In pre-war years it was more prevalent among poorer classes in depressed areas, where they drank the least milk, than in any other part of the country or section of the community.

"Let the children have plenty of milk, and let them drink it without fear and trembling. We shall not get rid of every microbe and we may well thank God for that."

The words I have quoted were used to me by a Medical Officer of Health.

He added: "Then let us push on with the campaign for producing tuberculin-tested milk."

I agree with him.

What is the present position?

The proportion of cows tested and free from tuberculosis in this country is now about fourteen

A series of analytical tests protects the public from milk-borne diseases. A sample is taken from a glass-lined tank in which milk is conveyed in bulk

These modern cow-stalls should be seen on every British farm. Hygienic conditions mean healthy herds

"Rush-hour" at a famous London dairy where milk is being bottled. Scrupulous cleanliness is vital in milk production—from the farm to your doorstep

per cent. The farmers who own them receive through the Milk Board a premium of 4d. per gallon above the price given for ungraded milk.

You will ask—why don't all the farmers claim this bonus? There are reasons.

The testing is expensive. The elimination of reacting cows is even more expensive. And one of the biggest obstacles is the rigid and unimaginative way in which some local authorities administer this scheme.

They impose almost impossible conditions on farmers. They want palaces for cowsheds. They insist on pettifogging regulations.

It would seem more sensible if farmers were judged solely on the health of their cows (i.e., the results of the tests) and the scrupulous cleanliness of their methods of producing and handling the milk.

Co-ordinated Scheme

In a very short time such an attitude would double the output of tuberculin-tested milk.

Good, but then what should we do?

We should begin with a five-year plan.

It should provide free tuberculin tests for all farmers entering the scheme. It should begin with the areas where most progress in eliminating tuberculosis has already been made, and expand them. As soon as an area has been completely freed, the T.T. bonus for herds in that area should be raised to, say, 6d. per gallon.

There should be special provision for heifer calves to be tested at an early age and then reared on farms proved free from disease. Elimination of reacting calves at a few months old would involve no compensation to farmers, and these calves (unlike cows) could be easily replaced by some of the good heifer calves now being wantonly slaughtered at markets.

Research into preventive treatment should be speeded up. There should be more stringent supervision over cows being offered for sale in the open market.

Can this be done? There are two alternative methods—compulsion or the provision of incentives and, of these, compulsion at the present time is the less likely to succeed.

It would be better to manipulate milk prices through the Milk Board so that gradually the good producers—keeping milk records and testing their herds—are encouraged by bigger bonuses and better returns, while the bad producers, doing neither of these things, are penalized by getting less and less for their milk (owing to the drain of these bonuses on the milk-money pool) and are finally squeezed out of production altogether.

In effect, the inefficient producers will be made to pay the bonuses earned by the efficient.

Apart from this, there would be other expense involved, but no expense would be too great to ensure a clean bill of health in our dairy herds. Who would grudge the money to see that the children of this country had all the milk they need, and all of it from healthy cows?

That is the big peace-time job that now faces Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture. It will need an army of veterinary surgeons, and the co-operation of the Milk Marketing Board, with its 160,000 milk-selling farmers, not forgetting Strawberry, the cow.

It will cost millions but it will be worth every penny of it—an investment that will pay dividends in health and happiness for the nation.

As I was saying:

by Herbert Hodge

"Everybody else hard at work"

What a fine and noble thing work is! But JOHN BULL's homely philosopher is all for watching other people do it, which he feels is half the charm of "staggered" holidays

WATCHING THE OTHERS WORK

THE ATTEMPT TO ENCOURAGE staggered holidays this year doesn't appear to be as successful as was hoped. The figures for bookings at the holiday resorts show that the greatest demand is still for July and August. It seems that most of us prefer to take our holidays with the crowd.

I wonder why. Personally, I feel that a holiday at the same time as everybody else doesn't have the savour of a holiday all to myself.

I'm always willing to work at holiday time if I'm needed. Then I like to take my holiday when other people are working. The thought of everybody else hard at work makes my holiday seem twice as good.

What could be nicer than being wakened up bright and early in the morning by the local factory hooter—and then turning over and going to sleep again? (Provided you've got a clear conscience, mind you! There's no pleasure in it if you can't feel you've earned it.)

Then, a little later, you have breakfast in bed. And rise and dress at your leisure—with the pleasant consciousness that the world's work is not being held up, but is steadily going forward all round you.

A millionaire couldn't feel happier. What a fine and noble thing, you feel, is work! How pleasant to watch other people doing it!

The street-sweepers sweeping the streets, the bus-drivers driving the buses, the shop-assistants busy behind their counters, the hum of machinery as you pass a factory, the clatter of a typewriter from an open office door. Everywhere you go, you see and hear the happy workers. It's a grand and glorious feeling.

And perhaps the most beautiful sensation of all is to pause for a moment outside a school, and listen to the sweet sound of children's voices, chanting their lessons. And then to remember your own schooldays, and to look at that solid brick wall—and to think that you are on the outside of it.

It's nearly half a lifetime since I left school, but the exquisite sensation of standing on the outside of a school wall, in school-time, listening to the happy children at their lessons, is one I never grow tired of.

But if that doesn't appeal to you, there's plenty more to enjoy—men pushing barrows, men swinging sledge-hammers, men climbing ladders, women hanging out washing—there's no end to it. And as you stroll along, snatches of poetry come into your mind, such as: "How doth the little busy bee. . . ." or snatches of song, like: "Work, boys, work, and be contented. . . ."

You feel so good, you want to pat everybody on the head, just to encourage them—just to show your approval of the way they go to it. God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world! No one's slacking anywhere.

For sheer joy, there's nothing, in my opinion, to touch it. I'd rather have one day like that than a dozen Whitsun holidays.

Sensation at Oxford Circus

THE case of the man who was fined the other day for walking through a city street on stilts, carrying an advertisement, reminds me of the strangest street-advertisement I ever saw.

I saw it first at Oxford Circus. I was driving my cab up Regent Street one morning, and was stopped, as usual, in the block at the Oxford Street junction. That was in the days before traffic lights—when traffic blocks were fewer, but often bigger and more lasting.

Stopped in the same block, a little ahead of me, was a small green motor-van, of about 15 cwt., with an advertisement for a film pasted on its sides.

There was nothing very strange in that; nor was there, apparently, anything very strange about the van. But it was providing a good deal of amusement for the drivers of the vehicles that drew up behind it. The chap who was sitting at the steering wheel was coming in for a good deal of chip. Because (and how he'd managed it, nobody could think) he was stuck in the middle of that traffic block, facing in the opposite direction to all the other vehicles. On a dry road, too.

But he didn't seem a bit put out about it. He sat there behind his wheel, taking no notice of anybody.

We waited for the Regent Street traffic to be released—when the fun should commence. And as soon as the traffic was released, the fun did commence. But not at all in the way we expected.

For the chap behind the wheel of that van—instead of trying to turn it round, or edge in toward the kerb so as to let the other traffic go by, or do something equally sensible—suddenly started off backwards. The awful part was, he didn't look where he was going. He stared straight forward over his radiator at us, while his van dashed off stern first at high speed—darting in and out of the moving traffic, and then round the corner into Oxford Street—to the horror and amazement of all beholders.

It certainly succeeded in attracting people's notice. But I imagine most people were far too busy wondering which way to run, to have any attention to spare for the advertisement of the film.

Of course, after the van had gone by, and you had a moment to think about it, the explanation dawned on you. Like most brilliant ideas, it was very simple. The body of the van had merely been mounted on the chassis back to front, and a dummy bonnet and steering-wheel mounted over the back axle. The main job of the man sitting behind the wheel was to keep his face straight.

The actual driver was sitting at the real steering-wheel, in the dark interior of the van, behind the tailboard—which also hid the real radiator and engine. The effect, in action, was terrific.

In fact, it was altogether too terrific to be allowed. I saw the van doing its tricks around the West End several times during the next few days. Then it disappeared. I was told the police had forbidden it. It was much too much for everyone, whether drivers or pedestrians. And the strain on traffic-policemen's nerves, alone, must have been dreadful.

Legal Logic

WHAT wits and wags our lawyers are! And what fun they must have—thinking up their pretty legal arguments. Especially when they are so well paid for them.

I've just been reading a summary of the arguments in an action for damages, brought by a man injured in a woodworking factory. A part of the machine operated by the man next to him broke off, and a piece of it buried itself in his thigh. He claimed damages from his employers. His case was that the machine was not properly fenced.

But the lawyers on the other side argued that the regulation governing the fencing of machines (under the Factories Act) was intended only for the protection of the man who was working at that particular machine.

What happened to a worker at another machine was, apparently, entirely a different matter. The employer, therefore, was not liable for the injury caused to the worker at the adjoining machine.

Which is as pretty a legal quibble as I've heard for a long time. And, in itself, quite amusing. But I wonder whether the lawyer who thought it up would have enjoyed his dinner that evening if the injured man had lost.

Fortunately for everybody—except possibly, the employers' insurance company—the judge was not impressed by the argument, and held that the injured worker was entitled to sue for damages.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

why revive it?

AN ASTONISHING NUMBER OF PEOPLE seem to take an active delight in being gloomy. And if they can manage to stop someone else from being happy, that seems to increase their pleasure.

I don't believe it is natural for human beings to be gloomy. I believe a man's true instinct is to laugh, to be glad and to be happy. And I believe that with anyone who can't normally be happy there is something very wrong.

What stops people being happy? . . . Work? Well, that is entirely a matter of how you look at it. If you regard it as slavery, you'll find it hard and irksome: and you'll be unhappy. But, on the other hand, if you look on it as an outlet for your energies, an opportunity for initiative and ingenuity, a chance to create, a challenge to ability, then you'll be interested and happy.

What else? People? Well, of course, human relationships are queer and ticklish affairs. Yet if we all practised tolerance, and *tried* to get on with people, instead of looking on folks as "difficult," there wouldn't be much trouble.

After all, everyone likes more people than they dislike. Why bother so much about the odd few?

To be a prophet of woe is a profession that went out of fashion thousands of years ago. There's no sense in trying to revive it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Topper WAS RIGHT!

It was enough to make John bitter—the way they treated him at his old office in the city. It made him realize that what Topper said was true

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

JOHN HALE got as far as the corner of the street before his nerve failed him. He noted the house, a trim suburban villa with a well-tended strip of front garden; but he could not steel himself for the interview with Topper's sister. He argued with himself that it was too early in the day to arrive unannounced. It would be better to go to the office first.

So he turned away and walked back to the railway station and caught the first train to London. During the half-hour's journey he was lost in reflection. He knew well enough that it was really moral cowardice that had made him turn back. He had gone out there early intending "to get it over." Now he was only postponing the ordeal; for his word to Topper Brown must be kept.

Much had happened since that word had been given under the blistering African sun, as Topper lay wounded, near Bardia, awaiting removal to hospital. Hale had been one of the lucky ones who had come through. Tunisia, Sicily, Italy. . . . It all seemed a nebulous dream now that he was safely back in England; but Topper's last words to him were as clear as if he had spoken them yesterday.

"If you get through, old man . . . call on my kid sister . . . Jennifer . . . she knows all about you . . . you'll like her . . . tell her . . . keep . . . smiling. . . ."

That was all. It had been gasped out between harrowing pauses. The stretcher-bearers indicated that Topper was "a gonner." Later, Hale had heard that his chum had died on the way back to base.

THE following years had been crowded with incident and Hale had been constantly on the move. He had always meant to contact Topper's home, but somehow he had kept putting it off. He had been wounded himself, and recovery had been slow. But all the time the memory of his pledge had lingered at the back of his mind. Topper had been the closest friend he had ever known. They had been through much together. Hale could never forget him.

Most of all he missed his old friend's optimistic counsel. Topper was never downcast or defeatist. Hale tried to emulate him but found it difficult. He thought of the many times that Topper had talked him out of moods of despair. "Everything is going to be all right, don't worry!" was his self-assured comment in any crisis. Even now, after a lapse of years, Hale had only to close his eyes to recall Topper's bright, good-humoured face, with the slightly upturned nose and twinkling blue eyes, and the long crease which appeared at the corner of his mouth whenever he smiled.

Topper had said little about his home life, though Hale gathered that he and Jennifer were orphans and that his friend idolized the "kid sister" who kept house for him. But, if little had been said of the past, there had been plenty of speculation about the future. There had been a dream of going into partnership after the war, for Topper owned a garage. They used to discuss the possibilities for hours on end.

Now that dream was shattered. Hale would have to go back to his old clerkship in a City insurance office. He had heard that the company was prospering. He could be sure of a job. But, he reflected as the train pulled in at Victoria, it would not be the same as going into business with dear old Topper.

When Hale had left to drive a tank the company had occupied a dingy suite in one of those narrow City lanes which are no more than mere fissures in the towering blocks of office buildings near the Mansion House. During the war it had been evacuated to the country, but now it was back in much more imposing offices which had survived the blitz. Hale's spirits rose slightly as he paused at the entrance and compared the present magnificence with the dinginess he had left nearly seven years before.

At the polished mahogany reception counter he was met by a row of strange faces. But one of the strangers, a broad-shouldered youth, about six feet in height, held out his hand and grinned.

"Hello, Mr. Hale, you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Hale stared hard at the towering youth.

"Why, no," he exclaimed. "You're Andrews, aren't you? You've grown a bit since I last saw you."

"Everyone says that," said the youth, with a still broader grin.

Hale could think of no further comment. He had received a jolt. The sight of Andrews brought home to him the passage of the years. When he had left to enlist, Andrews had just joined the firm as a messenger. Hale remembered him as a shrimp-like, undersized lad.

"Mr. Meredith is expecting me," he said, after an uneasy pause.

"I'll tell him you're here," replied Andrews, lifting a desk telephone.

But Mr. Meredith, Hale's old departmental chief, was in conference.

"All right," said Hale. "I'll just stroll through and see some of the fellows while I'm waiting."

He passed through the barrier into the general office, conscious that many curious eyes were upon him. There were so many new faces that he felt almost an interloper. When he had passed two long rows of desks without seeing anyone he knew, he asked one of the clerks where Mr. Dean was to be found.

The clerk looked a trifle awe-stricken and nodded towards a door marked "Strictly Private." Hale thanked him and grabbed the door-handle, eager to escape from the unfriendly atmosphere of the general office.

He found himself in a smartly-furnished private room. A bald-headed man was bending over a desk, and did not look up. Hale had to stare very hard to realize that the man was his old fellow-clerk. Dean had had a thick head of hair seven years ago. Now he was obviously very preoccupied and did not appear to have noticed Hale's entry. He went on with his work, while Hale stood there feeling foolishly self-conscious.

"Hello, old man," Hale ventured at length.

Dean looked up with a frown.

"Oh, hello," he said with a casual smile. "So you're back, are you. Excuse me, but I'm up to my eyes in it just now."

"So I see," said Hale.

"I'm foreign manager," explained Dean with obvious pride.

"Congratulations, old man," said Hale. "I thought I'd just look in for a chat. I'm waiting to see Mr. Meredith."

"Oh," answered Dean absently. "Well, I wonder if you'd mind waiting outside for a moment. I've got an

Hale had to stare hard to realize that this was his old fellow clerk. "Would you mind waiting?" said Dean

important trunk call just coming through."

"Not at all," said Hale, and withdrew.

He was shaken. At one time he and Dean had shared a desk; had lunched together regularly at the same teashop; had played draughts and dominoes together. Probably Dean would not care to be reminded of that. He had got on. It seemed incredible that promotion could so change a man.

Sadly Hale wandered back to the counter and began plying young Andrews with questions. Hacker, another old colleague, he found, had been posted to the Newcastle branch. Jones was now manager of the West End office. Jones of all people! Higgins had been made a surveyor and was out of town.

At that moment the buzzer sounded.

"Mr. Meredith will see you now," announced Andrews, and Hale was shown in to his old chief.

Meredith, a picture of pink-faced prosperity, sat behind an enormous desk. He greeted Hale with a smile which vanished from his smooth features almost before it appeared, shook hands hastily, and waved his visitor into a seat. He had always been brusque and businesslike, and, if anything, the passage of time had accentuated those characteristics.

"Back at last, eh?" he said, with no apparent enthusiasm.

"Yes, sir," said Hale. "I was discharged yesterday. "I'm so keen to get started again I thought I'd come and see you straight away."

"Ah. You've been away quite a while," commented Meredith.

"Nearly seven years," Hale admitted.

"A long time," was his chief's comment. "Well, I suppose we'll have to try and fit you in *somewhere*. We've had a lot of changes, you know."

"So I've noticed," said Hale. "The business seems to have developed very considerably."

"Yes; things are quite different from your day. In fact, you may not be very much use to us after being out of touch so long."

HALE stared. This last comment had been delivered in cold, matter-of-fact tones. Meredith seemed quite unaware that he had said anything wounding. He was simply the cold, business executive, facing facts and assessing a situation as he found it, regardless of sentiment.

"Let me see," he went on, quickly, as if anxious to dispose of this bothersome business. "You used to work with Mr. Dean. He's doing well now. Very well. Perhaps you'd better report to him. Say I suggested it and see if he can find a corner for you somewhere in his department."

He stood up to indicate that the interview was ended. Hale left the room without uttering a word. He made no attempt to approach Dean; that first encounter with his former colleague had been embarrassing enough. Instead, he brushed past the swing barrier and hurried out into the street.

For upwards of an hour he walked blindly through the labyrinth of the city. What a homecoming! How different from the anticipation, the dreams with which he had buoyed himself up during those long years of exile.

And they called him one of the lucky ones! He had come through. He smiled ironically to himself as he thought how hard he had fought for life when wounded. It would have been far better to have gone under like Topper.

Thinking of Topper, he was reminded of his unfulfilled pledge. He had been weak to shrink from it that morning. Now he felt in the mood to go back and get it over. At least he would be able to tell the kid sister that Topper was really the lucky one to have been spared a return to disillusion.

In this bitter mood he took a train back to the little suburb and walked to the corner of the road—to the point where his nerve had failed him a few hours before. This time he did not hesitate, but strode firmly up the trim garden path and rang the doorbell.

WHEN the door was opened a minute or two later, Hale stood spellbound, for the girl who greeted him was the image of Topper Brown. She had the same bright, good-humoured face, with the slightly upturned nose and twinkling blue eyes.

"You must be John Hale!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I've been expecting you every afternoon since I got your note. Please come in."

As Jennifer ushered him into the sitting-room he wondered what he could say to this girl who must ache to know so much.

"Topper was the best friend I ever had," he said simply.

"And you were his," she replied readily. "He always said so in his letters. He never wrote without mentioning you. He told me all about your plans. It's too bad he couldn't have been spared."

"In a way it is, and in a way it isn't," said Hale gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"Well conditions generally seem pretty hopeless, don't they? There doesn't seem much of a welcome for those who come back."

He felt instantly that he was saying all the wrong things; but he was committed now.

Jennifer stared at him hard.

"How long have you been back?" she demanded.

"I was demobbed yesterday."

"And you're disillusioned already?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Aren't you being a little hasty? I mean, surely you can't have had time to find out what things are really like?"

Hale hesitated. Even her voice resembled Topper's in some way.

"Anyone would be disillusioned after what I've experienced this morning," he said.

"Tell me about it."

Hale told her everything. In the circumstances it was all the wrong thing to do, he knew; but he still felt raw and it was a relief to get it off his chest to somebody.

When he had finished Jennifer looked at him gravely.

"I can understand just how you feel," she said. "And, yet, you know, Mr. Meredith was right. You are out of touch. You can't come back after being away for seven years and expect to find everything just as you left it. Besides, it isn't only the office or the people in it who have changed. You've probably changed quite a lot yourself. You can't possibly expect to take up old threads immediately. Readjustment takes time. I think you made a mistake in going back too soon after your return. It would have been better if you'd taken a day or two to look round."

He listened to her in amazement, hanging upon her every word.

"That's just how Topper used to talk!" he said, wryly. "He could always make me see sense!"

She seemed pleased.

"I wish you'd come to see me first—before going back to the office, I mean," she said earnestly.

She smiled and Hale stared incredulously at the attractive dimple that suddenly appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"You are extraordinarily like Topper!" he said.

"I'm his twin!" she explained.

"But he always called you his kid sister."

"I know," she laughed. "As a matter of fact he was born half an hour ahead of me; but he never let me forget it. Now I must show you the last letter I had from him."

SHE went to a bureau and produced a note that had clearly been folded and refolded many times. Poor kid, she'd probably sought courage from it, reading it several times a day at first. It was written on hospital notepaper and had the word "Dictated" in the top left-hand corner.

"Dear Kid," he read. "Keep smiling! That's the message I've asked Johnnie Hale to bring back to you. He's one of the best, as I've often told you. You'll do what I asked, won't you? Then everything is going to be all right, don't worry!—Topper."

Hale folded the note and passed it back to her.

"I'm ashamed I bored you with my troubles and forgot his message!" he said softly. "Keep smiling! Topper always did, and nothing ever got him down."

"And nothing's going to get you down, either," she answered firmly. "You can forget that office. Topper asked me to let you manage the garage for me. He left it to me, you know. You'll take it on, won't you—for Topper's sake!"

"Of course I will," said Hale fervently. All sorts of plans were forming in his teeming brain—plans in which Topper Brown's kid sister figured prominently. And somehow the entire future seemed suddenly bright.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Seeing the Sights

THE POST-WAR TRAVEL BUG has started biting. D.D.T. is no use—only a journey by land, air or sea can get rid of it.

There is one job that must be a terrible headache in these days. That is the job of writing the glowing leaflets on travel at home and abroad.

They'll either have to get a new set of post-war writers to do them, or the old-established crowd will have to think up some new adjectives.

The whole outlook on holiday enjoyment will have to be changed. No more the beauties of Nature, the food fit for gourmets, the romantic castles.

In future the appeal will be: "Come and see where the bomb fell," or "Visit the site from which the last rocket took off."

ALREADY one firm of travel agents has started it in their literature advertising motor-coach tours round London. The tour includes "traversing scenes of devastation by aerial warfare." Or, if you prefer it, you can take "Morning Drive No. 2," which includes "scenes of havoc by the blitz."

The guides who accompany the charabancs will have to learn their speeches all over again. "On your left, ladies and gentlemen, you see a little pile of stones. No, not that one—those are just common stones—farther to the left. Those stones were once the ancient church of St. Euclid and All Angles, founded 1066, unfounded 1940.

"Over on the right you see a large hole in the ground. That, ladies and gentlemen, is one of the most famous holes in the ground in Britain. It is all that is left of the monument erected to commemorate the historical feat of King Casabianca when he burned the cakes on the deck of the *Hesperus*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now stop for a cup of tea in the little Italian cafe only a hundred yards from the ruins of the mellow old tavern which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Burns, Shelley and Byron immortalized in literature."

I'VE no doubt that in many parts of the Continent they are already preparing for the tourist invasion by filling up champagne bottles with soda water, and helping our export trade by buying up large quantities of watches and fountain pens from Britain for resale to tourists as loot.

It's no good thinking you'll Get Away From It All by retiring to a ravishingly lovely South Sea island. You'll be met by stumps of palm trees, devastated jungles and simple, unsophisticated natives, armed with tommy-guns, saying: "Got any gum, chum?"

Then there will probably be an atom bomb test and you won't care whether your holiday is with or without pay. "And so we leave these glamorous isles. . . ."

NOW IT'S MIDGET MOVIES

Today's big idea in the film industry is to bring the latest productions to every corner of the country. Midget movies can do just that, reaching vast new audiences

by HUGH CASTLE

EVERY HAMLET HAS ITS PUB, every village has its church. But there are still only about 4,700 cinemas in the whole of Britain—most of them in the big centres of population.

During the war, the Ministry of Information sent out scores of touring film shows to country places, and it was estimated that they reached 12,000,000 people living miles away from a cinema.

It was obvious that, sooner or later, the men who run the cinema business would try to capture this enormous untapped audience. But just how it would be done—whether by television or some newer invention—was obscure until somebody hit upon the wider possibilities of another war-time idea.

The idea was used by both ourselves and the Americans for the production of hundreds of training films, and their exhibition at thousands of military camps and outposts throughout the world. More, it was used to bring the latest entertainment films to the troops everywhere.

It was done quite easily, and without very great expense, by the development of a technical device for the exhibition of films under all conditions.

Over in America, they have coined a name for it. The name is "midget movies." And the business men who are preparing to spend millions on it, are convinced that this idea will enable them to reach the huge audiences of remote places to which films have not so far penetrated.

In New York at the present moment they are holding classes for film salesmen, training them in the art of selling and showing midget movies to this public—selling brand-new super-films to people who have hardly ever seen a film at all.

When the preparations are complete, these men will go off to the Continent, to Asia, to equatorial Africa, and down to South America. They will be taking Hollywood's up-to-the-minute picture of civilization to the jungle and the backwoods, glorifying the American way of life, and proving all over again the truth of the saying that trade follows the film.

In Britain, too, preparations are going on to launch the midgets.

What Midget Movies Are

What are midget movies? Their correct name is sub-standard film, and there is really nothing revolutionary in them. They have been in existence for years, although their possibilities were not properly understood or appreciated until the war.

All ordinary film—standard film as they call it in the trade—is thirty-five millimetres wide, about one inch and three-eighths. The actual photographic image is twenty-five millimetres across—almost exactly one inch. The film is made of celluloid and is highly inflammable.

The ordinary cinema performance is surrounded by literally dozens of safety regulations, and in practice this means that thirty-five millimetre film can only be shown in buildings designed for the purpose, with properly equipped operating rooms.

Sub-standard film, on the other hand, is different. It is safe. It is portable. It is only sixteen millimetres in width—less than half the width of standard film. The actual picture is even smaller. Its great advantage is that it is made of film which is non-inflammable, and can be shown anywhere, anyhow, without danger of fire. By using sixteen millimetre you can give a film show where a standard show would be impossible. And that is where the ambitious film chiefs are laying their plans.

If standard thirty-five millimetre film could be made of the same non-inflammable material, of course, it would simplify everything. But there are technical reasons which—so far—make this impossible.

Now, sixteen millimetre was in wide circulation before the war. (So, for that matter, was the even smaller nine millimetre.) But nothing much was done about it until sub-standard was used, of necessity, to entertain the troops in the field.

Film Shows Anywhere

Producers and exhibitors suddenly realized that a new idea had arrived, capable of creating a new audience. They saw how films could be shown under palm trees in the open air. They saw how sub-standard prints could bring glamour films to the swamps of West Africa, how you could get the latest Gable in the middle of Ceylon. New audiences, new sources of income!

When the war was over, Hollywood found that the film situation had changed. In Britain more and more time was being devoted to the showing of British films.

In Europe, too, things had changed. Whole areas were devastated, cinemas were destroyed and films were things of the past. In some places there was a definite prejudice against "foreign" films.

In short, markets had contracted. So midget films offered a perfect way of making up the difference.

Experts are confident that sixteen millimetre will become as important as, if not more important than, full-size film. So the big Hollywood producers are preparing to put out sub-standard copies of all their feature pictures.

One company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is already assembling a sub-standard department to handle its biggest films. Fleets of what it will call "Metromobiles"—that is, travelling sixteen millimetre cinemas—will go out to the backwoods of America and in time to the agricultural districts of England, showing the latest Lana Turner or the new Greer Garson by the village green.

This company has just completed a training course for men, drawn from Europe as well as America, whose job it will be to sell sixteen millimetre to the public.

The travelling operators arrive outside the village hall and unload the films and apparatus

Left: The portable projector is erected at the back of the hall. A strip of sub-standard film is reproduced here. The narrow band to left of the pictures is the sound track

In the middle of Hollywood there is even a new production company—Planet Pictures—producing films directly on to the midget size. One of its first pictures was called *Detour from Danger*, an all-colour outdoor adventure story, designed for children.

Make no mistake. This is no bargain-basement idea. Hollywood does not intend to keep its new super-films for the big city cinemas and merely tour the country districts with sub-standard copies of old pictures. On the contrary. M-G-M has publicly stated that its sixteen millimetre films in America will be shown at the same time as the full-sized "standard" versions are playing on Broadway. There will be no interval, no hold up.

The J. Arthur Rank organization, which dominates the film field here, has announced a world-wide company to distribute and produce sixteen millimetre pictures. Through Gaumont British, which is one of his companies, Rank already owns one of the largest sixteen millimetre circulating libraries, and one of the most successful sub-standard projectors. His combine is a big manufacturer of equipment and will benefit by the opening up of new film territories.

Already there are a number of touring shows on the road in Britain. In Northern Ireland and Eire they are firmly established and doing well; owners of established cinemas are perturbed, to put it mildly.

In England there are midget tours operating in Suffolk and Essex, in Sussex, in the Midlands, and in Somerset and Devon.

Admission One Shilling

The shows are usually presented in village halls, and the more ambitious operators make an effort to disguise the projector—to get away from the village hall atmosphere—and imitate the fully-equipped cinema as closely as possible. The admission price is usually a shilling and the programme seldom lasts more than ninety minutes.

The standard of the projection and the quality of the sound can be every bit as good as with a full-sized film show in a modern cinema, provided the projectionist knows his job. The villages will not complain on the ground of quality.

How will all this affect existing cinemas? The answer is: probably not at all. Sub-standard films are not likely to invade the big towns. The film trade, which knows where its bread is buttered, will naturally see to that.

No, sub-standard has its future in the country districts. Gradually, travelling circuits with fixed stops at set places, will come into being. The possibilities are endless, especially when, in a month or two, modern copies of really up-to-date entertainment pictures are available.

Free Speech

HAVE A SHOT AT IT!

Queueing for pleasure • New money wanted • Losing the walking habit • Damping children's spirits • The war against T.B. • Try before you buy • Pit Ponies go religious • Food fifty years ago • Voluntary death

I'VE FOUND A MOTTO which has no equal for creating happiness and new interests. It is simply, "Have a shot at it!"

I have always wished I could paint landscapes. One day I thought, "How do I know I can't? I've never even tried." I had a shot at it. My paintings may not be first-class art, but they please *me*.

A friend of mine was grousing because his sitting-room was so shabby. I said, "Have a shot at decorating it yourself." He did. Now he is doing the whole house.

Whatever you wish you could do—try it. And don't be put off by experts. You'll become an expert yourself if you persevere.—R. HAMMOND, Putney Bridge Road, S.W.15.

Wood-Wind

PLEASE, SCOTTISH READERS, forgive me, but I want to repeat a remark made by my little grandson. He was playing in the front garden, and suddenly

"Playing a chair"

came rushing in breathlessly to tell me, "Granny, there's a man playing a chair." I went out and there was an old man playing the bagpipes.—MRS. E. A., Worcestershire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Queue and Like It

THE MODERN WOMAN is continually moaning about having to queue for food but, judging from the pictures in my Sunday paper lately, she doesn't mind waiting for hours, and being pushed all over the place, to see a Society wedding. — S. R. BRISTOW, 26 Savoy Road, Dartford, Kent.

Dollar Bills Over Here

A FIVE-SHILLING TREASURY NOTE should be introduced now that the new family allowances are coming. It is more necessary than ever. Paying out money at the post offices in units of five shillings will take a huge number of half-crowns, so I suggest my idea should be put into practice before August. I work in the post office, and I know.—ROBERT S., Counter Assistant, Scotland. (Name and address enclosed.)

Londoners' Legs

WHILE ON MY FIRST VISIT to London recently I was struck by the way Londoners always began to direct me to places. It was always either "Take a so-and-so bus," or "Pop down into the Underground."

As often as not I had asked for a place only a few minutes' walk away. It looks as if, in a few years, legs will be merely encumbrances to Londoners.—J. B. H., Hyde, Cheshire.

"Don't . . . Don't . . ."

MY WIFE AND I and our two children, aged four and five, are living in rooms. From dawn to dusk, all the children hear from father and mother is orders not to do this or that. Day in and day out, we are compelled to nag our children and to punish them for perfectly natural pranks which we could have ignored if we lived in our own home.

I am sure all this must tell on a child's spirit. Nowadays in so many cases parents have to behave like monsters to ensure peace with the landlord.—T. A. F., Lancashire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Place-Stealing?

I CANNOT GET A JOB as a clerk or typist. We men went to fight and, when our backs were turned, women filled our places. Now I have to take a job as a labourer — or starve. — AFRICA STAR, Bradford, Yorks. (Name and address enclosed.)

Changing their Spots

DID YOU KNOW there was a shortage of spots to put on dice? My youngest brother was given a game of snakes and ladders. On the back of the rules there was the following note: "As a war-time measure it has been necessary to provide with this game dice with two sides numbered one, two sides numbered two, one side numbered three and one numbered four."

What happens to the spots they don't use? That's a question for the Brains Trust.—W. G. SEDGWICK, 148 Belmont Road, Anfield, Liverpool, 6.

Fighting Tuberculosis

MY HUSBAND TELLS ME a mass radiography unit is coming to his factory to X-ray employees in the new move to fight tuberculosis.

This is a fine idea, but I would also like it to spread to the homes in this country. People at work are looked after by welfare departments and all manner of bodies, but the people at home—who can spread T.B. to the whole family—seldom come into the picture.—MRS. K. McLAUGHLIN, 90 Gilers Road, Chessington, Surrey.

Irony at the Ironmongers

AS AN IRONMONGER, I thought it was rather ironical to hear a woman on the radio the other morning advising listeners to test the pouring quality of a new teapot by having it filled with cold water in the shop.

It was even more ironical to remember that the last two crates of teapots which I received from the makers have been shown on the invoice as "Export Rejects."

Fancy explaining all this after filling and emptying 500 pots with a shop full of customers waiting to be served.—IRONMONGER, Essex. (Name and address enclosed.)

Perambulatory

ONE OF MY FRIENDS had her name put down at a store for a pram. That was four months before her baby was born. She has now received a card asking her to call at the shop as there is a pram available. Her baby is now three years old.—MRS. VERA THORPE, 45 Delhi Street, Marfleet, Hull, East Yorks.

They Swear it's True

ALTHOUGH I AGREE with your reader who said recently that it is deplorable that twenty-three thousand pit ponies are still working underground, it should be remembered that the majority are kindly treated, well fed, and kept constantly under the eye of a qualified veterinary surgeon.

Incidentally, have your readers heard of the time when pit ponies went on strike in South Wales? There had been a religious revival in the district and the pony lads were "converted." The boys refused to swear, and the ponies, unused to anything except strong language, refused to stir. It is said that the ponies had to be "converted" as well because the pits were coming to a standstill.—MINING ENGINEER, Ammanford, South Wales. (Name and address enclosed.)

"Too loud, sir? It will have faded beautifully by the time you get it"

Close Shaves

ELECTRIC RAZORS are now being made in America which can be plugged into the dashboard of a car. Heaven

"Busy shaving"

forbid that pedestrians in future will have to dodge cars driven by men who are busy shaving in the driving mirror. —JOHN BLAND, 169 Turner Road, Edgware, Middlesex.

When Food was Scarce

FIFTY YEARS AGO, when I was a boy of ten, and the oldest of five children, I sometimes got home at midday to find that mother wanted me to take some rags and bones to the "shop" before we could have any dinner.

If we were lucky, we got enough from the rag shop to buy three pennyworth of bacon scraps and a pennyworth of potatoes for chips. That was dinner for seven of us when father was out of work. Despite the world shortage today, few British children know what it is like to be really hungry.—F. MARSTON, 45 Yorke Avenue, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

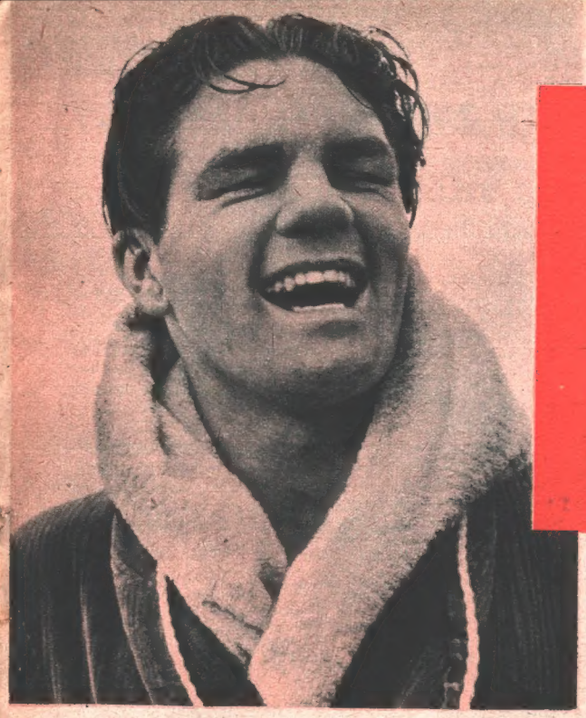
Last Comfort?

COULD NOT PAINLESS DEATH, with the consent of the sufferer, be made legal now? Cancer sufferers, in the last stages, are kept practically insensible with drugs. Why not that little extra? We save our pets from suffering; can we not save our dear ones?—MRS. S. BURR, 36 Victoria Road, Woolston, Southampton.

One of the Few

THE BACK OF MY FIREPLACE collapsed one Tuesday morning. The landlord, instead of offering temporary repairs, bought the latest type of dining-room fireplace, and it arrived on the Tuesday afternoon. By the next day we had a nice fire and hot water. My landlord is one of the few who think of the many.—J. E. K., Sneyd Green, Staffs.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



Freddie Mills challenges Bruce Woodcock for the unofficial British heavyweight title. It is to be a twelve-round contest held on the eve of the Derby

BIG-BUSINESS BOXING

Here's the inside story of boxing promotion in Britain and America. It explores the politics of the fight game and the effect it has on top-class boxers

by JOHN MACADAM

AFFAIRS IN THE BOXING WORLD are fast moving to a point at which, with a little foresight, Britain could move into the premier position from which it was edged by the Americans not so many years ago.

Recently visitors from the United States report that there is a solid block of feeling growing against the autocratic control exercised by Mike Jacobs in the Madison Square Garden. From all accounts, Uncle Mike ne[illegible] make only one mistake to have the wolf pack snapping at his heels.

Fighters are getting tired of being so sewn up by contract that they practically have to have Jacobs's permission to take a girl to a party. Managers are no less restive. They would pin their allegiance elsewhere—if there were anywhere else.

Now, if ever, is the moment for Britain to step in with a challenge. The only prerequisites are a promoter with money and vision and a fighter of top class. These are available. Jack Solomons has the money and the vision. Bruce Woodcock has the class. This combination is enough to bring back some of Britain's lost boxing prestige.

What is the position in America? The only two box-office men Jacobs has—big boxing depends on the big men—are Joe Louis and Billy Conn. Both have been out of circulation during the war and it is more than doubtful if either will ever again recapture the condition that made their last fight a classic.

Customers May Be Bored

Louis is ageing for a fighter and is past his best. Conn looked slow and uninspiring in exhibitions in London less than a year ago. No less a judge than Gene Tunney, the old champion, has declared that their forthcoming meeting, whatever it does to the box-office, will bore the customers.

It is even money that, within twelve months, Woodcock could be schooled to beat either of them. He has the courage and the punch and lacks only the experience for the job.

And Solomons? His rise as a promoter has been meteoric. The London East End fishmonger who started promoting in the tiny Devonshire Club and has now established himself as the number one European promoter makes fights as easily in Paris and Stockholm as he does in London. He has the whole of Europe to draw from for his bills and it is even said that he has considered making a match in New York, right on the Jacobs doorstep.

Be that as it may, the fact is that Solomons is prepared to make the fullest use of every modern aid to get the hottest fights. His small London office hums all day with telephone calls from round the world. He takes a plane to Paris or Stockholm or New York with as little fuss as most of his contemporaries take the train to Glasgow.

He has the vision, and he has the confidence in himself. He is prepared to offer good money to Americans to fight here. He is prepared to take fighters to America to fight there. The world is fast becoming the oyster of King Solomons.

Why then should he have even the current uneasy liaison with Mike Jacobs? The frontiers are down in face of easy, fast air travel and there is nothing to prevent him promoting anywhere he chooses. All he needs as stock-in-trade is a heavyweight champion and, with the grace of providence, he should have that in Woodcock.

Then the American stranglehold on the titles could be broken. The next few months should be decisive.

Colour Bar Handicap

In the meantime, the British Boxing Board of Control will be required to reshuffle some of its ideas so that this country can take its place in the world scheme. Particularly in need of revision is the Board's regulation which says: "Contestants must be legally British subjects and born of white parents."

It is difficult to imagine how such a piece of prejudice can have survived so long, but there it is and it requires no great prescience to note its effects. It has kept some of the best performers in the past quarter century from competition for British titles . . . Len Johnson, one of the best we have ever had in this country; Danny Webb, the coloured Canadian featherweight, who is now matched with Manuel Ortiz in San Francisco; Lefty Flynn, one of the best welters in recent years; and now Cliff Anderson, who, at the Albert Hall, beat Medina, conqueror of Jackie Paterson.

The business reaches real absurdity in the case of the brothers Turpin. Their mother is a Leamington woman and their father a West Indian. Brother Randolph is an A.B.A. titleholder—the amateurs' don't hold with the colour bar—while brother Dick is barred from competing for anything but the ridiculous Empire title. This despite the fact that Dick, one of the best middleweights we have in the country, soldiered at Alamein and on the Normandy beaches and is still serving in Germany.

If more ridicule must be poured on the business of the colour bar, it can probably be done best with a list of names of great coloured men but these will be enough: Jack Johnson, Henry Armstrong, Tiger Flowers, John Henry Lewis and the reigning champion, Joe Louis.

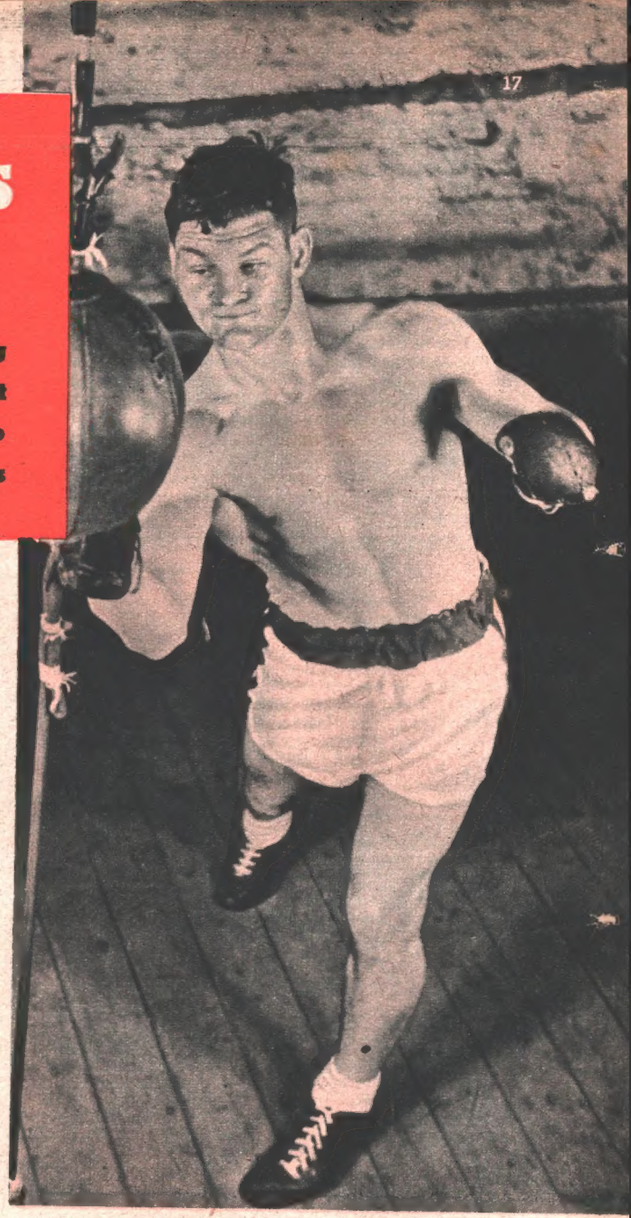
There were one or two bad-hats like the late unlamented Battling Siki and there was a period when Jack Johnson made himself unpopular with his airs. But then, we seem to remember quite a number of bad-hat white men . . .

Joe Louis is a model of behaviour. Tiger Flowers was a preacher. Henry Armstrong was studying for the church at one time. John Henry Lewis was a simple gentleman. The same can be said of the British boys we have referred to and to keep them from competing for our titles is anti-social, ungracious and stupid, particularly in the case of those who have fought for the country and the Empire which rate them so poorly.

"I am completely against the colour bar," says Solomons. "I have handled a lot of coloured fighters and I have never had a second's trouble with them. I would have no hesitation in matching Cliff Anderson and Jackie Paterson right away for the British bantam title."

The British Boxing Board of Control could make a very real contribution to Britain's boxing future by scrapping this unworthy regulation. When the time comes for open competition in the arenas of the world, we shall be in an anomalous position.

So much for the politics of the fight business. The main actuality with which we are faced is the Woodcock-Mills battle for the British title on the eve of the Derby. Whatever the results of their adventures with the Americans, both Woodcock and Mills are committed to this date and that should provide one of the best scraps we have seen in a long, long time.



Bruce Woodcock flies home from America to meet Mills. It promises to be the best scrap for some time

Another £1,000 Splash!

Service in two world wars brought plenty of excitement to fifty-year-old reader W. Cotton, "Vlamertinghe," Avenue Road, Freshwater, I.O.W. But the biggest bombshell of his life, this ex-officer greengrocer assured us, was the Friday Joy Wire announcing his £500 First Prize, with Weekend Celebration, in our 1,525th *Bullets* Contest.

Enter the best effort this week and you, too, will receive £500 in solid cash. Moreover, like the twelve other chief winners in this grand £1,000 Offer, you will be privileged to celebrate with a glorious Free Week's Holiday for Two. Your coupon is waiting below—see it into the post by Monday, June 3.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,527

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Victory Weekend: C. H. Lowe, 18 Elm Street, Wellingborough: **Tip For Old—Joe,** *Hear* **"Gentle Voices"!**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Victory Weekend: Mrs. B. M. Pennack, 13 St. George's Road, Truro: **Danger On The Road—Back, World's So "Tired."** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Victory Weekend: H. Hampton, 11 Perry Street, Wednesbury: **Health Bill—Improving Doctors' Lungs Already!** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Victory Weekend: H. Doswell, 15 Shaftesbury Avenue, Great Harwood: **Marching Past—"Our George," Our George.** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Victory Weekend: F. Thrupp, 595 Nottingham Road, Chaddesden, Derby: **To Cure The World's Ills—"***Table* **Full," Thrice Daily.**

£10 WINNERS: J. Dalgliesh, 10 Brunstane Road, Joppa, Edinburgh: **In The Peace Garden—Difficult Planting "Abraham's Seed."** J. Dingsdale, 24 Clyde Street, Bingley: **Becoming Scarce—Beer—And Scarcely Beer!** Sgt. J. Goodwin, 60 Mill Lane, Heatley, Lymm, Warrington: **In The Peace Garden—***Avoid* **"Frost," "Sowing" Early!** Mrs. A. Lomax, 28 Milton Street, Oswaldtwistle: **Danger On The Road—Nab Him—Ban Him!** C. P. McWhinnie, 140 Moss Lane, Timperley: **Becoming Nosey—Henpeck—Steaming Pay Packet!** Mrs. E. Morris, 42 Tennyson Road, Coventry: **Endless Questions—***Wrong* **Official Asks, First!** S. A. Peters, Highview, Coronation Road, Chatham: **The Bride's Mother—Whispered "***Whisper* **'I Will'!"** Miss E. A. Smart, 4 Beck Cottages, Bingley: **Walking Out—Adam, Eve—***Into* **"Paradise."**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

26 Free Holidays.

£500 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; 10 of £10, each plus Holiday; 50 of £1; 1,500 new prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cooks Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

GOOD SHIP, BRITAIN
WHAT WE FOUGHT FOR
GREAT POWERS
PEACEMAKER BEVIN
IN OUR LARDER
MOTHER EARTH
FRIENDLY RELATIONS
SECRET OF SUCCESS
ROAD SENSE
BEST THING TO DO
LIKE A RAINBOW
IF WOMEN RULED
MADE THE FUR FLY
ALL OUT
ON THE BEACH

COLD FEET
SANDY'S LANDLADY
NO PLACE LIKE HOME, SO
MADDENING
WHAT THE PORTER SAID

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

TO STOP HER.....
ALREADY.....
UNLUCKILY FOR.....
I WANT....., BUT
PUTTING UP WITH.....
ARE WE.....OR

ADDRESS ENTRY

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ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

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BULLET STILL "FIGHTING" TO KEEP!

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

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For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (June 15) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,531 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 3

I agree to rules and enclose

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No. .....

Signed .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated June 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 479 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Soya. 2, Seam. 3, Filly or Folly. 7, Card. 11, Din. 12, Oars. 13, Rack. DOWN: 1, Sing. 2, Slim. 4, Pace. 5, Slate. 6, Sure. 8, Bale or Tale. 9, Nog. 10, Jibs.

£100 SHARERS: Miss E. M. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants.; E. J. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.; R. B. Lacey, 69 Sunnyside Road, Chesham, Bucks.

Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 48 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

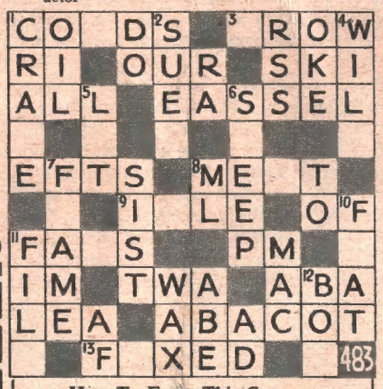
Post your Square below by Monday, June 3.

Across Clues.

1. Singers have seriously to consider these
3. Business man is apt to be hurt when his rivals do this
8. Even good cook can't always do this with success today
9. Getting car engine to this is apt to be difficult
11. Many hundreds were sent overseas for services
13. Pencil or crayon drawings can easily be this

Down Clues.

1. One for lifting things can be dangerous, if anything goes wrong
2. You have to watch points if you get this
4. Such a blow may fail to have effect boxer desired
5. Poor people with children may well miss a good this
6. There are a great many people like
7. It's surprising how dear an old one can be
10. Style of this may be formal
11. Can help to provide escape
12. Loud, ill-mannered one is apt to disturb an actor



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated June 15. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 3

483

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

There is a team of experts waiting to help you in the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service. Send your problem to them for an authoritative answer

Allotment Trespass

"No fence separates my allotment from that of my neighbour. When he dug his garden he came a good two feet into mine. He says that as I don't own the house I cannot stop him. The landlady refuses to interfere."

✓ Your neighbour has no right to trespass on your ground, and the fact that you do not own it does not affect the position. Get a solicitor to write him a letter stating that, unless he desists, you will take court action to claim damages. If you are assured that he is actually encroaching on your land you may remove anything he plants there.

Recovering a Debt

"Years ago my husband's mother borrowed £200 but has made no attempt to repay it. She has ignored my letters and also a solicitor's letters about the matter.

"We have nothing in writing to prove that the debt exists. Can I do anything to recover the money?"

✓ It is not absolutely necessary to have evidence of a debt in writing provided you have other evidence to show that the money was actually lent. It may well be, however, that the debt has been acknowledged in writing during the past six years. With such evidence your solicitor should be able to recover it for you.

No Benefits

"A young girl employed in a confectionery business was away for one week through illness. Upon approaching her society with her medical certificate, she was told that she could not have any benefit because she is not yet eighteen. She has been paying in for two years. Was the society justified in this refusal?"

✓ Contributions paid prior to attaining the age of sixteen do not give her title to National Health Insurance Sickness Benefit.

Extra Radio Licence

"I have a licence for my radio which is in use in the living-room. I now wish to use a separate receiver upstairs. Shall I have to get another licence?"

✓ If your second receiver is for your own or your family's use no other licence will be necessary. If it is installed for the benefit of a tenant or lodger, a second licence will be required.

Winnings and Pension

"Should I win any money in a football pool, how will this affect my supplementary pension?"

✓ If you invest your winnings in National Savings Certificates or deposit them in the Post Office Savings Bank, they would normally be treated as "war savings" and disregarded. But the maximum amount of "war savings" that can be disregarded is £375. Anything over that sum would reduce the supplementary pension allowable.

If your assets to be taken into account exceed £400, no further supplementary pension would be allowed.

Bankruptcy Discharge

"As an undischarged bankrupt, I have always wished to pay the creditors in full and obtain my discharge. Not long ago my wife died and left me everything in her will. This includes a house. I am told by my friends that I cannot claim the house and sell it because I am an undischarged bankrupt. Is this so?"

✓ The house appears to belong to you already and I see no reason why you should not sell it if you wish. As your assets technically belong to the official receiver, you may be required to account for the proceeds.

Public Trustee

"What are the functions of the Public Trustee? Where can I get into touch with him?"

✓ The Public Trustee is a Government official who will undertake to act as trustee to anybody's will and carry out its provisions. He will prove the will, pay the debts, and hold the remainder of the estate and use it as directed for the benefit of those concerned. A fee is charged which varies according to the value of the estate.

The London office is at 7 Crosby Square, Bishopsgate, E.C.3.

Buying From America

"For a pipe organ which I have, I need some American components unobtainable in this country. Am I allowed to purchase them?"

✓ In order to buy goods from America you will have to procure an import licence from the Board of Trade. Write to the Import Licensing Department, 189 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Who Pays?

"This house is divided into two flats. Who should pay for damage to the front door, which is used by both families? There is nothing in the agreement with the landlord about repairs."

✓ As it seems that neither the tenants nor the landlord have agreed to do repairs, neither can be held responsible. The matter will have to be arranged by negotiation between the three parties concerned.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

Send your general queries (except medical) to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Lovely Hair.

NO matter what style of hair-dressing you adopt, the regular use of Evan Williams Shampoo will increase its beauty and charm—remember this perfect shampoo contains elements upon which hair thrives—it is this that makes it so different and superior. Refuse substitutes.

EVAN WILLIAMS

SHAMPOO
Including Tax 6d.

It was to be expected that radio dealers would be inundated with enquiries about the new ULTRA Radio. The old ULTRA came through the war with such flying colours that its already high reputation was multiplied. Our big task for a time will be to see that the new sets are distributed in fair rotation. Put your name on your ULTRA dealer's list as early as possible. He will look after you.

More than a set—it's a service

FAIR DISTRIBUTION OF *New* ULTRA RADIO

U405
£12.17.6
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ITS LATHER IS SO QUICK, SO LONG-LASTING! It soothes your skin and saves on blades

7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*
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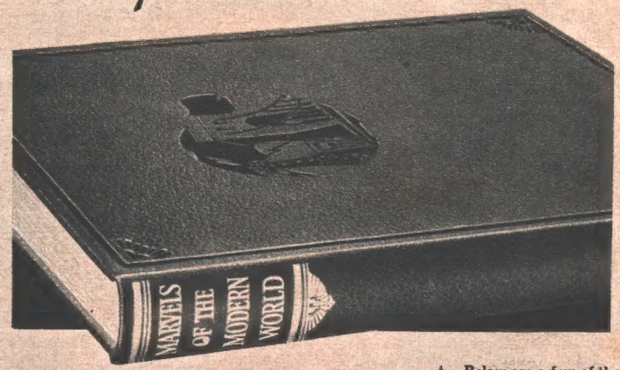

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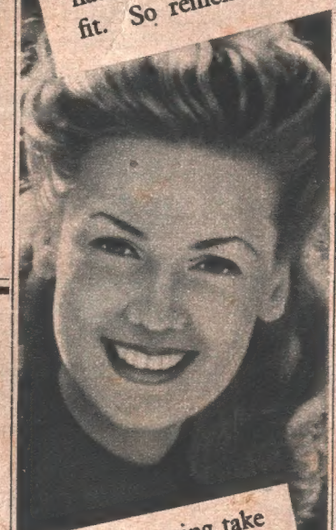

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